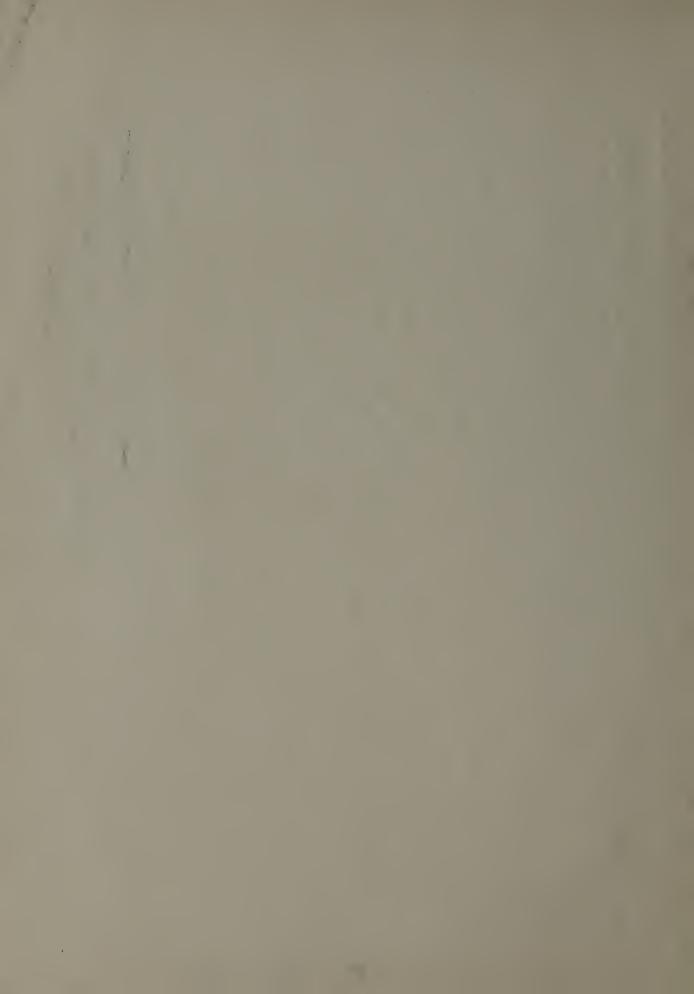
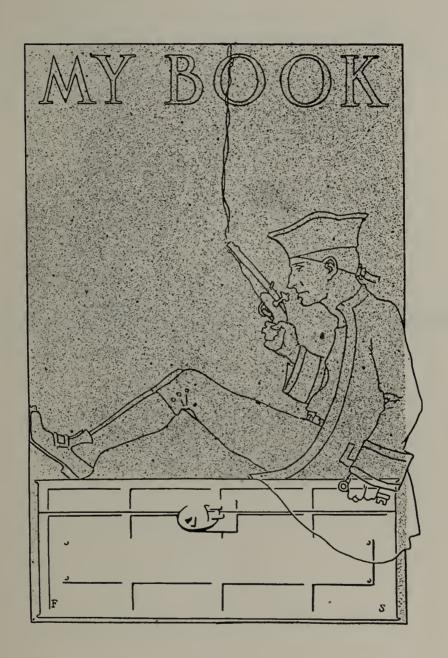
LAINSHOL RECEPTER











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N THE eight issues preceding the present one, it has been the policy of the Staff to make the Register, both in setup and in material, as nearly as possible like the modern magazine; endeavoring, however, never to forget that primarily it was published in the interest of the school. In this number we have gone in the opposite direction, constructing a work that in every sense may be regarded as a Year Book. It has given the Staff great pleasure to assemble it, and to many others who have taken an active interest in the preparation of some of its contents, the members of the Staff wish to extend their heartiest thanks. This number deals mainly with the Graduating Class, but it also has essayed to give a thorough review of all student activities. Three years ago the idea of making the Graduating Number a Year Book was thought of, and on a small scale, carried out. Last year saw the hope realized and this year we have attempted to carry the good work along.

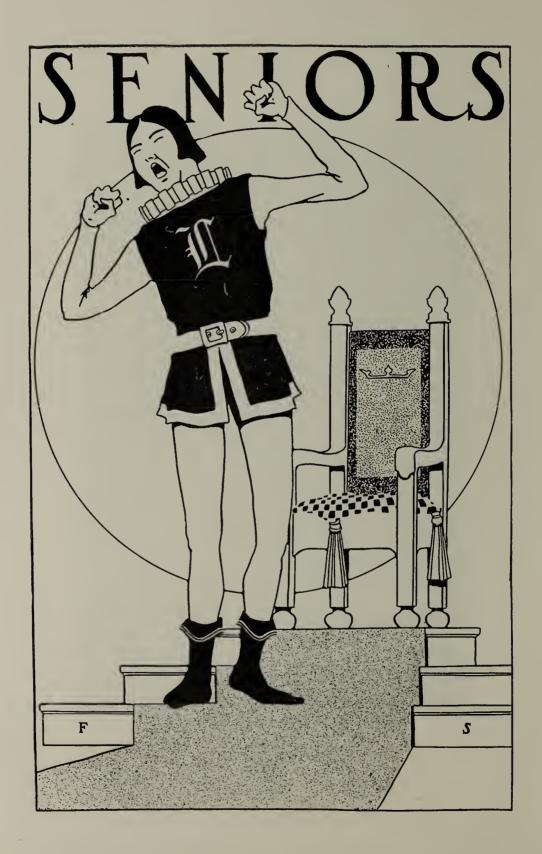


Medication

For a number of years Headmaster Henry Penny= packer has been our faithful friend. Endeavoring to uphold us in our ideals and ambitions. he has watched over us rejoic= ing in our victories and correcting our shortcomings. His untiring labor in behalf of us, we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty, can never hope to repay. We feel that it is our delightful duty to dedicate to him this small token of our esteem.



HEADMASTER HENRY PENNYPACKER



WILLIAM EDWARD COLLINS Jr.
Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Baseball Team, 1919, 1920;
Lieutenant, Company E, 1920; President
of the Graduating Class.

CULLEN BRYANT COLTON
Entered in 1916 from the Dorchester High
School; Football, 1919; Lieutenant, Company M, 1919; Baseball Team, 1920.

ROBERT JOHN BOND Jr.
Entered in 1916 from St. Peter School;
Fidelity Prize, 1917; Glee Club, 1919; Regimental Color Sergeant, 1920; Member of the Class Committee, 1920.

GEORGE PERCY RUPERT Jr. Entered in 1913 from the Francis Parkman School; Orchestra, 1920; Drumming Prize, 1920.

RICHARD HAYES TUSON
Entered in 1915 from the William Lloyd
Garrison School; Orchestra, 1919-20; Mandolin Club, 1920; Major of the Drum Corps,
1920.

HUBERT THOMAS HOLLAND Jr.
Entered in 1914 from the Lowell Grammar School; Lieutenant, Company N, 1920; Mandolin Club, 1920.

BERTRAM FOGEL SCHEFFREEN
Entered in 1916 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Classical Prize, 1917; Football Team, 1918, 1919; Manager of Track
Team, 1920; Captain, Company N, 1920;
Crew, 1919, 1920.

DERMOT AUGUSTINE WHITTAKER Entered in 1916 from St. Joseph School; Fidelity Prize, 1917; Classical Prize, 1919.

WILLIAM THOMPSON HOWE Entered in 1916 from the Wadleigh Grammar School, Winchester, Mass; Fidelity Prize, 1919.





LAURENCE ELIOT BUNKER

Entered in 1916 from the Wellesley Grammar School and Bryant & Stratton Commercial School; Modern Prize, 1917, 1918, 1919; Track Team, 1920; Regimental Adjutant, 1920.

NORMAN FISHER STUART

Entered in 1914 from the Henry L. Pierce

ORMAN FISHER STUART

Entered in 1914 from the Henry L. Pierce School; Fidelity Prize, 1915; Football Team, 1918, 1919; Crew, 1918, 1919, 1920; Captain of Crew, 1919; Lieutenant, Company H, 1918; Brigade Staff Officer, 1918; Captain, Company K, 1919; Member of Committee of Arrangements for Prize Drill, 1919; Member of the Register Staff, 1919-20.

LYMAN BOOTH OWEN

Entered in 1915 from the Henry Grew School; Lieutenant, Company D, 1919; Rifle Team, 1919; Captain, Company D, 1920; Register Staff, 1920; Writer of words and music of Class Song, 1920.

JOHN WILLARD GORDON Entered in 1915 from the Gilbert School; Fidelity Prize, 1917.

DUDLEY WINTHROP HALLETT Entered in 1916 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Fidelity Prize, 1917; Debating Club, 1918, 1919, 1920; Field Manager, Debating, Club, 1919.

JOHN ADAMS Jr.
Entered in 1916 from the Martin School.

HARRY ANSCORIOUS JOHNSON Entered in 1916 from the Mary Hemenway School; Classical Prize, 1917; Track, 1918, 1919.

GORDON BARCLAY RUSSELL Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School.

FRANCIS XAVIER GRADY
Entered in 1916 from the Carter School;
John K. Richardson Prize, 1918; Fidelity
Prize, 1919.

WILLIAM JOSEPH REYCROFT
Entered in 1916 from the Harvard School;
Fidelity Prize, 1917; Track Team, 1918,
1919, 1920; Manager of Baseball Team,
1920; Lieutenant, Company L, 1920.

KENNETH MORSE ROGERS
Entered in 1913 from the Edward Everett
School; Track Team, 1914, 1915, 1916,
1918, 1919, 1920; Captain of Track Team
1920.

PARKER FRANCIS POND
Entered in 1914 from the Minot School;
Fidelity Prize, 1916; Lieutenant, Company
B,1919; Lieutenant, Company F, 1919; Lieutenant, Company E, 1920; Captain, Company F, 1920; Manager of Football Team, 1919; Crew, 1920.

FRANCIS CHARLES CLEARY
Entered in 1915 from the Warren School;
Baseball, 1919; Track, 1920; Rifle Team,
1920; Lieutenant, Company L, 1920; Captain, Company L, 1920.

EDWARD O'CONNOR Entered in 1916 from the William E. Russell School.

WILLIAM ALBERT McINNES Entered in 1916 from the Robert G. Shaw School; Track, 1920; Baseball, 1920.

MORRIS SMITH
Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Track, 1918, 1919; Captain
Company F, 1920.

THOMAS FRANCIS EUSTACE
Entered in 1916 from the Roger Wolcott
School; Lieutenant, Company E, 1920.

JOHN LEO DONAHUE

THOMAS' CHACE AMORY
Entered in 1919 from the Friends' School,
Washington, D. C.

FRANCIS WENDEROTH SAUNDERS
Entered in 1917 from Los Angeles High
School; Art Editor of Register, 1917, 1918,
1919; Editor-in-Chief of Register, 1919-20;
Track Team, 1919, 1920; Manager of Crew,
1920.





DAVID ROSE

Entered in 1915 from the Quincy School; Individual Prize, 1918-1920; Rifle Team, 1919; Debating Club, 1919; Assistant Man-ager of Rifle Team, 1920; Captain, 1920.

WILLIAM JAMES SULLIVAN

Entered in 1915 from the Lawrence School; Lieutenant, Company K, 1919; Track, 1920.

ANTHONY, GERLANDO R. ZOTTOLI Entered in 1916 from the Eliot School.

JOHN LEO DONOVAN Jr. Entered in 1916 from the Abraham Lincoln

School; Modern Prize, 1917; Approbation Prize, 1917; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Individual Prize, 1919; Football Team, 1917, 1918, 1919; Track, 1919, 1920.

HENRY THOMAS O'KEEFE Entered in 1915 from Our Lady of Per-petual Help School; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Drum Corps, 1918, 1919, 1920.

FRANCIS FRACKELTON DOWNEY

Entered in 1916 from the Warren School;
Individual Prize, 1919; Football, 1920; Track, 1920.

ROGER CAPEN NOYES

School; Classical Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, Company M. 1920; Captain, Company M, 1920.

SIDNEY THOMAS FARDON

JOEL ROSENBERG

Entered in 1916 from the George Putnam School.

ALFRED JOHN BALDI

SCHOUL LEVISON

PAUL TAMER
Entered in 1916 from the Christopher Gibson School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Lieutenant, Company O, 1920; Adjutant, Third Battalion, 1920.

ARTHUR MORRIS BON Entered in 1913 from the Lewis School; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Lieutenant, Company D. 1920.

GEORGE SACHENOFSKY
Entered in 1916 from the Phillips Brooks
School.

SAWYER BOLONSKY
Entered in 1916 from the Lewis School;
Classical Prize, 1918; Drum Corps, 1916,
1917, 1918; Track, 1917, 1918, 1919.

ROBERT MARTIN MORRISON
Entered in 1916 from the Phillips Brooks
School; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Charter Member, the Debating Club, 1918; Secretary,
Debating Club, 1919; Classical Club, 1919;
Lieutenant, Company F, 1919; Captain
Company A, 1920; President, Debating
Club, 1920; Major, First Battalion, 1920.

LOUIS MUCHNICK Entered in 1915 from the Christopher Gibson School; Orchestra, 1918, 1919, 1920; Secretary of Orchestra, 1920.

JOHN KING WHITE Entered in 1916 from the Charles Summer School; Fidelity Prize, 1916.

WILLIAM RICHARD MANSFIELD Entered in 1916 from the Lewis School.

ROBERT JOSEPH MANSFIELD Entered in 1916 from the Lewis School; Captain, Company I, 1920; Staff, 1920.





RAYMOND THAYER BUNKER Entered in 1916 from the Wellesley Grammar School and Bryant & Stratton Com-

mercial School; Rifle Team, 1919-20; Regimental Sergeant-Major, 1919; Captain, Company K, 1920; Crew, 1920

HELLMUTH STRAUSS

Entered in 1916 from the Henry L. Pierce School; Lieutenant, Company A, 1919; Captain, Company L, 1920; Staff, 1920; Managing Editor, the Register, 1919-20 Crew, 1919; Captain of Crew, 1920.

FRANCIS RUSSELL SWEENEY

Entered in 1915 from the Christopher Gibson School; Debating Club, 1918, 1919, 1920; Lieutenant, Prize-winning Company F, 1919; Captain, Company M, 1920; Captain, Staff, 1920.

WILLIAM MUTCH CURTIS Jr.
Entered in 1918 from the Roxbury Latin School; Asistant Business Manager, the Register, 1919-20; Debating Club, 1920.

FRANK LOUIS KOZOL

Entered in 1915 from the Frederick W.
Lincoln School; Individual Prize, 1919;
Classical Club, 1919; Debating Club, 1919,
1920; Lieutenant, Company N, 1920; Class Orator, 1920.

HARRY THOMAS FINN

MYRON SAMUEL SILBERT
Entered in 1916 from the Phillips Brooks
School; Classical Prize, 1917; Class of 1885
Prize, 1917; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Debating
Club, 1918, 1919, 1920; Field Manager of
Debating Club, 1920; Secretary of Classical
Club, 1910; Light 1910; Secretary of Classical Club, 1919; Lieutenant, Company D, 1920; Committee of Arrangements for Prize Drill, 1920.

FELIX EDWARD NARBUT

Entered in 1915 from the Lawrence School.

ALBERT HAILPARN

Entered in 1914 from the George Putnam School; Football Team, 1919.

CHARLES HAROLD GUSHEE

Entered in 1916 from the Gilbert Stuart School; Classical Prize, 1917; Modern Prize, 1918; Debating Club, 1920; Member of the Register Staff, 1919-20.

ARNOLD PIERSON BEVERAGE
Entered in 1914 from the Elbridge Smith
School; Classical Prize, 1915, 1916, 1918;
Modern Prize, 1919; Approbation Prize,
1915, 1916, 1919.

EDWARD BENTMAN

ABRAHAM MATTHEW HELMAN
Entered in 1915 from the JohnWinthrop
School; Rifle Team, 1918; Lieutenant, Company B, 1919; Lieutenant, Company C,
1920.

EVERETT HALE LANE
Entered in 1916 from the Chapman School;
Lieutenant, Company B, 1920.

EDWARD LINCOLN LANE Entered in 1916 from the Chapman School; Captain, Company B, 1920.

PHILIP JOHN McCAFFREY
Entered in 1916 from the Thomas N. Hart
School; Secretary of the Graduating Class.

EDWARD DUNNE MALLEY
Entered in 1916 from St. Peter's School;
Modern Prize, 1917; Color Sergeant, 1919;
Football Team, 1918, 1919; Track Team,
1918, 1919, 1920; Baseball Team, 1918,
1919, 1920; Captain of Baseball Team, 1919;
Member of Class Committee, 1920.

MICHAEL GERALD WHALEN Entered in 1916 from the Emerson School; Classical Prize, 1917, 1918.

GEORGE MAYBURY JACKSON
Entered in 1916 from the Mary L. Brock
School; Lieutenant, Company A, 1919;
Debating Club, 1920; Captain, Prize-winning Company G, 1920; Major, Second
Battalion, 1920.

THOMAS FRANCIS WALSH
Entered in 1916 from the Gilbert Stuart
School.





FRANCIS SYLVESTER KING Jr.
Entered in 1916 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Orchestra, 1917, 1918, 1919;
School Pianist, 1920; member of Class Committee, 1920; Lieutenant, Company G,
1919; Captain, Prize-Winning Company C,
1920; Colonel, Second Regiment, Boston
School Cadets.

MAURICE JOSEPH LANGSAM
Entered in 1916 from the William Lloyd
Garrison School; Assistant Business Manager, the Register, 1917-18; Track, 1920;
Business Manager, the Register, 1919-20.

LEO SHUBOW
Entered in 1916 from the Lewis School;
Modern Prize, 1917; Classical Prize, 1918;
Lieutenant, Company C, 1920; Captain,
Company C, 1920.

SAMUEL SEGAL
Entered in 1916 from the Quincy School;
Debating Club, 1919; Secretary, Debating
Club, 1920.

HARRY ADAMS FOLLEN
Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Hockey Team, 1919-20.

MOSES HIRSH
Entered in 1916 from the Wendell Phillips School; Modern Prize, 1917, 1919; Fidelity Prize, 1918; Track, 1920; Debating Club, 1920.

EDMUND HALEY BARRY Entered in 1916 from the William E. Russell School.

HYMAN HAROLD RUDOFSKY
Entered in 1914 from the Wendell Phillips
School; Classical Prize, 1917, 1919; Modern
Prize, 1918.

JOSEPH LOUIS KENNEDY
Entered in 1916 from the Frederick W.
Lincoln School; Lieutenant, Company O,
1920.

CHARLES VINCINT MILLER

EUGENE CHELLIS GLOVER

Chester Chesters of the Martin School; Classical Prize, 1917, 1918, 1919; Approbation Prize, 1917, 1918, 1919; Class of 1885 Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, Company I, 1920.

BERTRUM PERRY HEBENSTREIT

Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Lieutenant, Prize-Winning Company B, 1920; Staff Captain, 1920.

DONALD DUNCAN MacMILLAN
Entered in 1915 from the Prince School;
Lieutenant, Company K, 1919; Football
Team, 1918, 1919; Track, 1920; Vice-President of the Graduating Class.

PETER JAMES McDONOUGH Entered in 1915 from the Bigelow School.

BENJAMIN RUSSMAN

Entered in 1916 from the Quincy School; Declamation Prize, 1918, 1919; Track Team, 1918, 1919; Captain, Company O, 1920; Major of Third Battalion, 1920.

CLARENCE JOSEPH BURNS
Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell
Holmes School; Lieutenant, Company A, 1920; Sang Class Song, 1920; Baseball Team 1920.

PHILIP CLEMENT CLEARY

Entered in 1916 from the School of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; Classical Prize, 1917; Lieutenant, Company B, 1919; Football Team, 1918, 1919; Crew, 1920.

JOSEPH SCHNEIDER

Entered in 1914 from the Charles Russell Lowell School; Modern Prize, 1915, 1917; Approbation Prize, 1916; Special Declamation Prize, 1915, 1917; Second Prize in Declama-tion, 1918; First Prize in Declamation, 1919; Organized and was President of Debating Club, 1919; Debating Medal, 1919; Lieutenant, Company G, 1919; Captain of Prizewinning Company B, 1920; Committee of Arrangement for Prize Drill, 1920; Lieutenant Colonel of Second Regiment, Boston School Cadets, 1920.

HARRY KISLOFF

Entered in 1914 from the Wendell Phillips School.

SAMUEL HIRSH SEGOOL

Entered in 1916 from the William Lloyd Garrison School; Modern Prize, 1917, 1918; Classical Prize, 1919; Track, 1920; Captain, Company H, 1920.





THOMAS CAMPBELL

Entered in 1915 from the Winthrop Grammar School; Modern Prize, 1915; Approbation Prize, 1915; Fidelity Prize, 1916; Tennis Team, 1917; Individual Prize, 1918; Captain, Company D, 1919; Football Team, 1918, 1919; Baseball Team, 1920; Track Team, 1920; No misdemeanor marks, 5 Team, 1920; No misdemeanor marks, 5 vears.

ALFRED EDWARD SHEA Jr. Entered in 1916 from the Mary Hemenway School.

JOHN MANNING

Entered in 1916 from the E. P. Tileston School; Fidelity Prize, 1919; Captain, Company E, 1920.

JACOB HAROLD KOPLOW

Entered in 1915 from the Oliver Wendell Holmes School; Hockey Team, 1919; Foot-ball Team, 1918; Track Team, 1919-20; Baseball Team, 1920.

MAURICE LEO CARROL Jr.

Entered in 1916 from the Mary Hemenway School; Modern Prize, 1919; Schallenbach Prize, 1919; Track, 1920; Lieutenant, Company A, 1920; Vice-President, Debating Club, 1920.

ISADORE EIN

Entered in 1916 from the Phillips Brooks School; Modern Prize, 1918; Track, 1918.

ALFRED THEODORE SCIGLIANO Entered in 1915 from the John Cheverus School.

WINSTON HERSCHLER FARNSWORTH Entered in 1919 from the Mount Vernon High School, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

JOHN TIMOTHY SULLIVAN Entered in 1916 from the Bigelow School; Individual Prize, 1919.

CHRISTOPHER PAUL CONLIN Entered in 1919 from the Winthrop High School.

LEO RYAN

Hockey, 1918; Football, 1919; Track, 1918, 1919,1920; Baseball, 1919, 1920.

MARK WEISBERG



LOMBARD JOHN DALEY
Entered in 1915 from the Frederick W
Lincoln School; Register Staff, 1918; No
misdemeanor marks for 4 years, 1919;
Track, 1919, 1920; Crew, 1920.

EDWARD JAMES NORRIS Jr.
Entered in 1916 from the Henry L. Pierce
School; Lieutenant, Company N, 1920;
Captain, Company N, 1920.

THOMAS JOSEPH COLLERAN Entered in 1916 from St. Joseph School

WALTER VINCENT STEARNS
Entered in 1916 from the Edward Everett
School; Fidelity Prize, 1917; Modern Prize,
1918.

JAMES JOSEPH HARNEDY Entered in 1915 from the School of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

JAMES JOSEPH DALTON







FREDERICK JOSEPH GORMAN
Entered in 1914 from the Elbridge Smith
School; Football Team, 1919; Baseball
Team, 1920.

GEORGE ROULSTON BLANDFORD Entered in 1916 from the High School of Commerce.

JOSEPH PATRICK ROONEY Entered in 1916 from St. Joseph School.

HARRY FREEMAN
Entered in 1916 from the Wendell Phillips
School; Modern Prize, 1918; Lieutenant,
Company O, 1920; Captain, Company O,
1920.

LOUIS JACOBS Entered in 1916 from the Abraham Lincoln School; Classical Prize, 1917.



Award of Prizes

June 4, 1920

For Excellence in Classical Studies:-

Dermot A. Whittaker, Eugene C. Glover, Harry Freeman, Arnold P. Beverage, Francis B. King, Powell H. Humphries, David Goldman, Paul R. Goldings, Louis Wechsler, John Vernaglia, Clifton B. Cooper, Stanley M. Ford, Anthony Vara, Lester Ginsburg, Herbert E. Whiting, Eliot M. Bailen, Leonard Novogrod, Bert W. Lewis, Samuel J. Dennis, Gerard W. Govan, Charles Evans, Joseph P. McDermott, Warren F. Farr, Charles Curran, Joseph G. Hennessey, Matin Tall, Isadore H. Muchnick, Malcolm A. MacIntyre, Marshall Schalk.

For Excellence in Modern Studies:-

Myron S. Silbert, Laurence E. Bunker, Raymond T. Bunker, Charles H. Gushee, Joseph Labovitz, John A. Carter, Isadore Sigel, Albert B. Brown, Emmanuel Kurland, Leopold U. Shapiro, Bertram I. Levenson, Kenneth S. Minard, Clarence B. Taft, Hyman T. Silverstein, Phillips L. Boyd, Samuel R. Palmbaum, Charles Williams, Benjamin M. Bank, Norman W. Schur, Philip Swartz, Abraham Berger, Sumner W. Elton, William J. Geissler, Robert R. Peatfield, Boris B. Rubenstein, Jacob L. Ephrose, Edward A. Michelman, Thomas F. Brown, Louis Blume.

For Excellence in Reading:-

First Prize, Joseph K. Collins; Second Prize, Benjamin Russman; Third Prize, Clarence J. Burns.

For General Excellence in Conduct and Studies:-

John A. Carter, Herbert E. Whiting, Eliot M. Bailen, Eugene C. Glover, Powell H. Humphries, Samuel J. Dennis, Leopold U. Shapiro, Charles Curran, Bert W. Lewis, Samuel R. Palmbaum, Robert R. Peatfield, Benjamin M. Bank, Louis Blume, George R. Faxon, Paul R. Goldings, Maurice H. Leahy, Harry Olitzsky, Boris B. Rubenstein.

For Exemplary Conduct and Fidelity:

John Adams, Thomas F. Eustace, Francis R. Sweeney, Christopher P. Conlin, James A. S. Callanan, Abraham Hart, Henry L. Cabitt, William A. Henderson, Francis Galline, Matthew Cohen, Malachi Prendergast, Leo E. O'Hearn, Samuel Friedman, Paul R. Wendt, Joseph Calhoun, William H. Sullivan, Louis Kaufman, Maurice H. Leahy, Joseph F. Quane, John S. Kelley, Ralph F. Best, Joseph J. Doyle, Leon J. Levenson, Frederick P. Cowan, Chester L. Solomont, Thomas Minton, Charles E. Draper, Richard A. Berenson.

For an Original English Essay:—Eugene C. Glover.

FOR TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH—

- 1. Translation into English Verse of the Fourth Eclogue of Vergil:—Dermot A. Whittaker.
- 2. Translations from and into French:—Leo Shubow.

Gardner Prize:-Eugene C. Glover.

Derby Prize: - Eugene C. Glover.

Class of 1885 Prizes:-

1. Samuel J. Dennis; 2. Bert W. Lewis; 3. Norman W. Schur; 4. Abraham G. Birnbaum; 5. Samuel Liner; 6. Gerard W. Govan.

Schallenbach Prize:-Francis B. King.

John K. Richardson Prize:—Augustus G. McGovern.

Lieutenant Warren E. Robinson Prize:-Edmund Burke.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR CONSPICUOUS RECORDS DURING THE ENTIRE COURSE

A. Of Perfection in Attendance:-

John L. Donovan, Jr., 4 years; Eugene C. Glover, 4 years; Francis X. Grady, 4 years; Edward L. Lane, 4 years; Everett H. Lane, 4 years.

B. Of Conduct Above Criticism:

Alfred J. Bladi, 4 years; Arnold P. Beverage, 6 years; Laurence E. Bunker, 4 years; Raymond T. Bunker, 4 years; Thomas Campbell, 5 years; John L. Donovan, Jr., 4 years; Eugene C. Glover, 4 years; Francis X. Grady, 4 years; Charles H. Gushee, 4 years; Moses Hirsh, 4 years; William T. Howe, 4 years; George M. Jackson, 4 years; Schoul Levison, 4 years; Peter J. McDonough, 5 years; Felix E. Narbut, 5 years; Samuel Segal, 4 years; Myron S. Silbert, 4 years; Francis R. Sweeney, 5 years; John K. White, 4 years; Anthony G. R. Zottoli, 4 years.

HEAD MASTER'S PRIZES:-

A. For Excellence in Music: Francis S. King, Jr.

B. For Excellence in Debating: Robert M. Morrison; Moses Hirsh; Myron S. Silbert; Maurice L. Carroll, Jr.

Honorable Mention:-Charles H. Gushee.

Washington and Franklin Medal for Excellence in United States History:—Malcolm A. McIntyre.

EDITORIALS

Opportunity

There is an old saying, "Opportunity knocks but once." It is so old that the author of this rank bit of nonsense has passed into oblivion. More's the pity that the roles were not changed and that it was the saying that went. No one group of words has wrought more evil than this. Humanity has been so long under this cloud that they believe it the sky, when in reality it obscures the sky.

Opportunity is always waiting just within grasp. The person who forges ahead in this world is the one who creates opportunity for himself. When playing ball, you don't just hold your bat out in one position hoping that the ball will hit it, but you get your eye on it and try to hit it. You may miss it once, possibly three times, but an inning or two later you have three more chances. When starting out to be a runner, you don't give up, failing to place in the first meet. Even if you don't in a dozen, you keep right on trying. There are always plenty of races to run. In football, the backs don't take the ball and rush blindly against their opponents' line trusting to luck for a way thru, but they are looking for holes, flaws, opportunities. If they don't gain on the first play, they don't give up; they try something else. Even one great blunder won't always lose the game. That saying just furnishes that little yellow streak a chance to show itself.

Opportunity may knock only once just to let you know she is there but she is camping on your doorstep waiting for you to open. The trouble with most people is that the door sticks or they can't find the key or they are too lazy to. That you drop a high fly in center field once, does not mean that you are going on dropping them or that you will never receive any more opportunities not to. Five out of every ten regard this saying as gospel truth; three more are a bit skeptical; the remaining two know it for the lie it is.

If you make a mistake, don't sink back disheartened. If you fail to grasp one opportunity, reach out for another. Remember there are just as many opportunities as you care to make for yourself.

The Class of Nineteen Hundred Twenty is on the threshold of College, ready to ascend the last mountain barrier that shuts out the fertile panorama of the business world from our view. Many have been the opportunities we have failed to grasp here; many are they which we shall fail to grasp in the next four years at college; yet let us look rather on the bright side and say that many are they which we have grasped, resolving to do even better in the ensuing period. However, grasping your opportunities is not sinking back in the rut you have heretofore travelled in but reaching out, entering new activities, taking a greater interest in your work and fellows. If we have been living under that insidious saying, let us erase it and paint in its stead in letters far more inspiring with the words of the apostle, "Seek and ye shall find."—F. W. S.

Class of 1920

NCE again has come the time when the sons of the Boston Latin School are bidden by their Alma Mater to launch out into the tempestuous sea of life, with those invincible principles with which she has fortified them. Heretofore, they have been accustomed to consider these peerless principles, treasures of truth and honor, as being unassociated with the real conditions that are found in life. Now, as they are about to be applied, a wholly different prospect confronts her sons, whose young shoulders are indeed incredibly heavily burdened.

Today the Class of 1920 is commissioned to struggle with the evils that prevent the progress of good in the world. They are confronted with that great reconstruction work, which has always been necessary after great wars, reconstruction not only in the sense of rebuilding the devastated countries and homes, but in reconstructing the life of our country and the principles of democracy, which are being so violently assailed.

The departure of Alma Mater's sons from her wonderful school is but a milestone in her glorious career and but another more brilliant diadem which crowns the success of her noble mission.

May her sons always live up to her ideals! May they not shrink from the noble task entrusted to them, nor time dim in their hearts the truth of her teachings.

Alma Mater, your sons bid you fond adieu!—J.A.C.

"Passing the Buck"

"Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell, uproar the universal peace, confound all unity on earth." If Shakespeare had been living today, he could have expressed the situation in the United States in no better terms. This might be well adopted by Labor and the Profiteers as a joint slogan or standard. At the present time this country is in a precarious position. With the steady increase of prices on the necessities of life, affairs begin to look dangerous and promise to become infectious, unless drastic steps are taken by those who are in power or who soon will be. "An army fights on its stomach." So said Napoleon. No doubt every one will take his say so without a question. Certainly he ought to know. If an army, why not a nation? Peace and prosperity hinge on the contented feelings of a nation. If the general's first thought is for his supplies, why shouldn't the President consider the supplies of the nation?

The Middle Class, the bulk of the nation's population, is the hardest hit between the antics of Labor and the Profiteers. Loyally, as good citizens educated and brought up to the standards of their just forebears, they look to the heads of the government for relief, for justice due them, but the government is too deeply immersed in politics, in the everlasting pork barrel, or Podunk needs a new post office to receive its multifarious mail. The government seems paralyzed. In the interim Labor and the Profiteers "pass the buck" back and forth, taking a crack now and then at the long-suffering public. It is an actual fact that a certain laborite made the statement to his friend that since his landlord had raised the

rent ten dollars a month, he felt obliged to ask his employers for a ten-dollar-a-week raise. There you are: The laboring man with all his blubbering is as bad as the profiteer. The only difference between the two animals is that the profiteer has a bit more brains than his relation. Absolutely no difference as to looks; you couldn't tell them apart by looking at them. Each gorges to the best of its ability. The Landlords come out with a woeful tale of the way Labor has gone up. Labor moans about prices being so high and the manufacturer laments the Labor strikes. So it goes around in a circle. The Profiteers use Labor as an excuse to raise the price of sugar or potatoes or the thousand and one necessities of life. Greedy labor asks that its wages be increased beyond all proportion and right. In the meantime the every-day citizen, you and I, is hard pressed to make both ends meet, getting along on old salaries and incomes that were once sufficing, but now are meagre.

To be sure you and I are somewhat to blame. We don't take the trouble to elect competent men. We are awed by the wind or the pompous hot air of the Honorable So and So or Candidate Goofus. Naturally what can we expect? The time is coming, however, when necessity is going to force us to do things. How about a concentrated old-clothes movement? Make it uncomfortable for a man or woman to flash a new suit or dress. Make patches, threadbare cloth and shabby clothes the style. Bring the Profiteers and Labor to their senses with a good, hard jolt. Refuse to buy the manufactured clothing article. Let barrels become the fashion if need be.

Refrain from luxuries for a while and hear the frantic squeals of the Labor for its over-flowing trough. So it's really up to you and me to do something, not to wait for the other fellow to start it.—F. W. S.



A: "How's business these days, old man?"

B: "I'm just beginning to realize the truth of the old saying that it takes ten mills to make a cent."

* * *

A missionary who had returned from Japan some years ago visited a friend of his in Maine. The family showed him some old curios, among them a Japanese painting supposed to be connected with worship. They asked him if he could read the characters. He looked at it and smiled. It was an advertisement of bed-bug poison. Ha! Ha!



The Outward Trail

FRANCIS W. SAUNDERS

THE great sun, a flaming ball of fire, rose out of the sea, throwing a path of gold over the deep blue waters of the South Pacific. The Sea Gull, a 150 foot yacht or thereabouts, was the only object upon the horizon. She was a fast sailer, her slender bow cutting the water, leaving a lather of foam in her wake; her lone funnel belched forth its smoke in a long, heavy black trailing line. The gulls that had previously clung tenaciously to her stern had long since dropped behind. A lone figure stood in the bow, a figure in white, hatless, with shirt open at the chest giving a glimpse of its mighty development. He was looking straight ahead, seeming to see, yet in reality lost in his thoughts.

Two short hours before the Sea Gull had been bound in the opposite direction, cruising lazily through the sea. Now all was changed, for Thatcher Haines had received word of his father's death. Thatcher was a splendid specimen of manhood physically, but here Nature had stopped. He was not at all brilliant; in fact, he had been termed "thick" by his enemies and "mediocre" by those who masqueraded as his friends. He was not popular; his popularity—what little there was of it—was due to his money, or rather to his father's money. His father was not overly pleased with his son but then not entirely displeased, for though Thatcher had never displayed signs of brilliancy, he had never sowed wild oats, as some of the others had. Perhaps one reason for this was that Thatcher cared more for his own company than any one else's, so it was natural that news of his father's death should reach him in a far-off corner of the world alone with his crew of six and a Chinese cook.

Thatcher was not made tremendously sorry by the news; nothing ever moved him much. He was returning for two reasons; he thought it was the thing to do; the other, the will.

He walked back into the cabin, threw himself down in a chair, took out his pipe as a matter of habit, sucking on it mechanically, but not thinking to light it? He reached to the drawer of the table near him and took from it a folded paper. It was a copy of his father's will. For the second time that day he scanned its pages, stopping at one paragraph near the end:

"All the rest, residue, and remainder of my property, real, personal, or mixed, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son, Thatcher Wentworth Haines, but on one condition only, that he appear in the aforementioned city within the space of one year next following my death. Otherwise, I give, devise, and bequeath, said property to......" and here followed the names of three relations Thatcher hardly knew by sight.

Thatcher smiled to himself as he laid the paper down. "The old man needn't have put that clause in. He knew I'd be home long before that."

Beneath him he could feel the throb of the racing turbines strained to their utmost. Suddenly the throb died out, the boat began to slacken speed, gradually coming to a stop. Thatcher listened in vain for the throb to commence again. He threw the will into the drawer and went out on the deck. There he met the chief engineer.

"One of the engines has broken down, sir. It will take a day to make repairs." "Very well," replied Thatcher.

For a moment or two he paced the deck and then re-entered the cabin. He sat down rather heavily in his chair and his fingers shook slightly as he lit his pipe. He began to fear vaguely that somehow or other he would not reach home in time. He laughed at himself, Why, he had a whole year, lacking only a few days. Yet the fear lurked and try as he might, he couldn't free himself from it. The next day the yacht was once more under way and Thatcher demanded full speed. They had now begun to enter that gigantic group of islands, known as Polynesia, clustered in swarms like flies on a horse's back. Even there Thatcher demanded the highest speed of which the yacht was capable. In some places they were forced to wind in and out, skirting treacherous reefs of coral. As night drew near, Thatcher still demanded full speed, but his crew rebelled; therefore the speed was slackened but the pace was yet faster than safety allowed. The next day Thatcher insisted so firmly that his orders were obeyed and the boat fairly skimmed the water.

It was just a little past noon and Thatcher was standing up in the bow, his eyes fixed straight ahead. On all sides appeared far off bits of land, their luxuriant tropical verdure silhouetted against the sky. Once again the fear gripped him that he would be too late. Suddenly there was a tremendous shock and the boat stopped instantly, pitching Thatcher unprepared into the water. This saved his life, for in the next moment there was a blinding roar that ripped the very heart out of the Sea Gull. Thatcher was knocked unconscious by a bit of flying wood. Everything faded before his eyes and he relaxed into the restful sea. The Sea Gull after one convulsive shudder sank like a stone.

H

The cool water soon revived Thatcher and he found himself floating idly on the quiet waves. Not a hundred yards away was a sandy beach and towards it he began to swim. His head was a bit sore but this was lost in the instinct of self-preservation. He stumbled through the breakers and sank down on the beach. He was thinly clad and the torrid sun soon dried his clothes sufficiently so that he no longer felt water-logged. At first he felt incapable of further exertion but after awhile, urged by the axiety to know what had become of the yacht and its crew, he climbed a slight rise of ground near by. For a long time his gaze swept the waters but nothing stirred beyond a few bits of wreckage
The waves revealed nothing of the unfortunate crew; it was evident that all on board had perished with the exception of himself. The Sea Gull had made its last voyage. For himself Thatcher was not a armed; his life in the open prevented that, but he had never been in so bad a case as this. He had nothing but the few clothes he had on. Up to this time his thoughts had been only of the sea, now he began to wonder about the land. A hundred feet or so away the beach ended abruptly in a tangle of luxurious green growth. The intertwining vines presented an almost impossible barrier which Thatcher determined to penetrate. He crossed the intervening strip of beach and plunged boldly into the tangle. His great need was to find water. Almost by brute force he dragged himself through. He had been stumbling around for some time when he blundered on a path that once had been well trodden but threatened soon to become obliterated. Progress was now easier. He hastened along, quickly stopping several moments later with an exclamation of surprise.

He had come to an inlet from the sea. It formed a small basin surrounded on all sides by the inevitable tropical growth. Thatcher had to look hard to discover the outlet. The path skirted the inlet and ended at a low solidly built wharf still in good condition. On to the wharf ran a slender track, now almost entirely overgrown. This led back into the jungle, and Thatcher, having no other plan in mind, followed it. He had barely plunged into the green wall again when it opened abruptly. In the center of the cleared space was a long, low, rambling building. As Thatcher drew near, he saw that it was heavily built. He approached the door and tried to open it but it remained firmly closed. He hammered on it with his fists. There was no response. He put all his great strength against it, his muscles swelled to huge knots, but the door would not give way. He examined the windows but they were all tightly nailed up. It was evidenctly meant that the contents of the building should remain a secret.

The only quality Thatcher had in addition to his strength, was bull-dog tenacity. He had set his mind on entering the building. One does not respect other persons' property on lonely islands. With a log for a battering ram, Thatcher kept up a steady rain of blows on the door. At last it yielded, splintering back from its hinges.

Thatcher gasped as he looked inside and understood the reason for the wharf, the hidden inlet, the tiny steel track leading from the water to the house, and the massiveness of the building. In rows that glistened under the strong light from the doorway, were shining torpedoes. The island had been a submarine base during the war. Called away hurriedly by the cessation of hostilities in 1918, the U Boat commander had left his supplies here, probably expecting to return in the near future. Behind the torpedoes were huge tanks. Thatcher judged they contained petrol. He was rather disappointed; he was looking for food. As he stepped from the door, he was struck in the head by a heavy blow and for the second time that day lost consciousness.

III

When Thatcher came to, he was face downward. He tried to move but failed. He was bound hand and foot. After the first straining at the bands he did not move again. He thought from the motion and the evident lap-lap of water that he was in a boat. He felt the light craft tossed about in the breakers and then jar upon the beach; then he was picked up and carried like a log, his face still downward. Finally they came into a clearing and he was deposited on the ground. For the first time then he had an opportunity to take a good look at his captors. His thought had been that he had fallen into the hands of one of the fierce black tribes that infest these waters, but he saw now that he had been mistaken. The men were tall and straight and of splendid proportions. Their skin was in hue a dark olive and their features instead of being coarse and thick set were delicate. Thatcher came to the conclusion that they were of Spanish descent.

Several moments later he was placed in a sitting position and his feet were unbound. They were now within a palisade which encircled a number of reed huts and approaching him was a small party of men, one of the number especially claiming his attention on account of his distinguished bearing and splendid physique though he was well past the prime of life.

Thatcher had been raised on the Pacific Coast and knew a smattering of Spanish. The party drew near and squatted in a semi-circle about him. They were naked except for a breech cloth. The one he took to be the chief addressed him. At first Thatcher was unable to understand but, as he grew accustomed to the sounds, now and then a word would come which he could make out. From the signs and crude drawings which they made on the ground Thatcher gleaned that they wanted to know where he came from. He replied with his Spanish as best he could and it was evident that they understood him for they loosed his bonds and allowed him his liberty. He expressed his want of water and they brought him a big gourd filled with the most delicious water he had ever tasted.

He noticed that the band had evidently a warlike intent. Long spears were being prepared, together with rude knives and heavy wattled shields. Bows and arrows were much in evidence and the fact that none of the women were around convinced him that his surmise was correct. Thatcher followed the chief to his hut where he was made to understand that an attack was expected from a neighboring island. This was of frequent occurrence for the tribes of the nearby islands looked with longing eyes on the women of this island upon whose features were stamped the imprint of the Spanish line from which the race had come, who were therefore far more beautiful than their own women. Fearing the attack, the women had been hidden with a strong guard to care for them while the men of the island would defend the homes.

Although beautiful in stature, the tribe had lapsed back into savage customs. Thatcher himself of splendid proportions was looked upon with favor by the chief and his men, and, when he offered himself as a warrior, he was duly accepted. That night he was initiated into the mysteries of warriorhood. He was given a spear, knife, and shield. He thrilled at the touch of them. He had always been rather rough, and the savage took possession of him. Civilization left him. He stripped off his clothes and bound on the breech cloth of his companions. With the abandonment of civilization he seemed to understand better the lingo of his savage fellows. The chief explained that they kept a sharp watch on their neighbors and were forewarned of their raids which were frequent and sometimes disastrous.

That night, when all had gone to rest but the guard, Thatcher had an idea. He slipped out of the hut that had been assigned to him and found the chief. He inquired about the torpedoes. The chief knew of the place and of the "thing that went up and down" but of course was ignorant of their purpose. Thatcher asked for ten men and a dug-out. The chief would not comply at first but on Thatcher's further plea called a meeting of the tribe. Thatcher explained his plan. The men shook their heads. Thatcher asked for five. Finally this number was allowed him. With them he left before morning. The old submarine base was close by and they soon plunged into the tiny basin. The shed was as he left it the day before. The car was found and by prodigious effort they succeeded in getting a torpedo on it. Progress down to the water was slow due to the undergrowth that cluttered the track. They dumped the torpedo into the water and lashed

it to the wharf. They brought down another and then another until they had Thatcher's year in the Navy during the war had made him well acquainted with the missiles, and he made sure that in each case the war nose was off. The deadly engines appeared in perfect condition. Heavily packed with grease and oil and under dry shelter, they had been well preserved.

They made slow headway towing the torpedoes and it was well into the afternoon when they reached what now Thatcher had learned to call home. They arrived none too soon. Affairs looked rather alarming for his adopted people. A swarm of black specks, rapidly growing larger, appeared out to sea in the opposite direction from whence he and his crew had come. Thatcher headed for a long promontory that shot out into the sea past the narrow fringe of breakers. Thatcher hurriedly directed four of his companions to keep a tight hold on three of the torpedoes while he and the remaining man prepared the other for action.

A torpedo, unlike a shell, when once it leaves the tube, runs under its own power. It is equipped in almost every respect like a miniature submarine except in that it has no reasoning power of its own. Thatcher's life in the Navy had well fitted him for the part he was about to play. He fastened on the war nose and set the tiny rudder in the rear. By this time the swarm of boats was making for the beach in one huge cluster. They were bunched together, animated with the single desire to kill. They made a splendid target. With never a thought for what was going on about them, their eyes were riveted on the shore—the island of fair mates. Thatcher, carefully allowing for the moving object, released a spring and the torpedo sped on its way. No one of the attackers saw it until too late. They were frozen with fear at the unknown object; to them a log moving through the water at a terrific speed under its own power. There was a dreadful roar and a tremendous column of water spouted into the air. The attackers were practically annihilated save for a few mangled savages that struggled to keep afloat.

Thatcher's adopted tribe was thunderstruck with fear and amazement. One moment death had stared them in the face; in the next they had seen their attackers wiped out. They looked upon Thatcher as a god, and according to the Greek ideals a right good god he would have made.

IV

With the passing of the attack, life quieted down. The excitement was over. As the weeks grew into months, something began to stir within Thatcher that he did not know what to make of. At first the life on the island was pleasing. Never inclined to mental activity, the utter lack of it here suited him. There was nothing to do but to fish and hunt on long cruises among the islands in the rude boat fashioned from a hollowed-out log. The outdoor life where the weather never changed except for a brief downpour, suited him to perfection. He loathed going back to civilization with its shams and unrealities. His body urged him to stay, but something within him urged him to return. To meet this he lied to himself. He reasoned that he could not get away, and why return to civilization when he so enjoyed himself here? In the outdoor life his frame though large grew larger. He became almost a giant in size and strength. Not a man in the tribe could match him. Here he was respected; in fact, worshipped almost as a god. His strength was his greatest asset; then why not stay where might was right? So satisfied had he been that he had shown no inclination to leave and the chief in effering his daughter to Thatcher for a wife, had taken it for granted that he would remain.

Thatcher was sorely tempted in this last for the girl was beautiful, though in a semi-barbaric way. Such an Amazon might have graced the chambers of Achilles. Thatcher, never given to these upheavals of conscience, wondered at them now but the struggle finally ended in acquiescence. He was to be married on the morrow. The huge marriage feast was already in preparation. Thatcher, with the intent to procure a fitting gift for his bride, was on the point of dragging his boat from its shelter of vines when to his am azement he saw a yacht not far off shore with a boat putting off from it. Instinctively Thatcher sank down out of sight. Civilization was calling him and he did not wish to hear its voice. Nearer and nearer came the boat to the shore. Finally it beached and four men heavily armed sprang out. The struggle within Thatcher raged fiercely; he had ever been a child of impulse and the impulse was now to remain concealed, but the desire of kind for kind overpowered him. These were his own people. He belonged to them. They represented a far higher type than the kindly savages among whom he had found a refuge. If he remained, he was throwing away the progress of centuries for a life of ease and pleasure. He was failing to add to civilization the mite he owed.

Thatcher stood up. The strangers were half tempted to shoot but the hand held in friendly greeting reassured them. They began making signs,—they were looking for water and they took him for a native.

"I am white," said Thatcher slowly, as if feeling for each word; his own language grating strangely on his tongue after the easy flowing, corrupted Spanish. "I was shipwrecked near here many months ago," he went on. "What day of the month and year is it?" he asked with a note of anxiety.

"May 22, 1920," replied the foremost of the group after a delay of several moments.

Thatcher started. The year granted by the will was up. It seemed to him as though the last bridge that stretched between him and civilization had suddenly snapped and crumbled beneath him. While he had lived a life of ease and indolence, his wealth had departed. He had paid heavily. Why then go back? Existence would now be a struggle. He stood immovable like a splendid bronze of a past age. His senses called him to his adopted people. In a few short hours the wedding feast would be under way. A wife of savage beauty awaited him. One day he would be the leader. He hesitated, but the something within him demanded that he go forward. With a quick gesture he loosened the thong that held his hunting knife and let it slip to the ground. Civilization had won. Thatcher Haines was going back to his own people.



And a Little Child Shall Lead Them

JAMES ALOYSIUS CALLANAN, '21

E WAS a lonely man, was Philip Annesley. He was extremely so tonight, as he sat by the hearth of his library fire in silence. The wind was hurling the leaves about the mansion in which he lived, and an occasional flash of lightning, accompanied by great thunderbolts, caused this lonely man to shudder. The storm haunted him.

The room in which he had been sitting during the storm was luxuriously furnished. Philip Annesley was a rich man of about thirty years of age. He had money. What has not this siren to offer? Power, ease, glory, luxury; yes, I had almost said love! But love is the gift of God. In this man's heart there was love for absolutely no one, and the people of his neighborhood had named him "the lonely gentleman."

But there was one person in the rural town of Ardmore who knew that he had not always been a lonely gentleman. It was she who had made him so. This person was beautiful butterfly Anne Cardigan, who owned the vast estate next to Annesley, and lived there with her little orphaned niece, Betty.

His neighbors, though they remained in awe of him, could not help but admire him as he rode past them on his snow-white horse.

During one of his daily morning rides, right near the row of thick shrubbery between Anne Cardigan's grounds and his, he encountered, for the first time, her niece, Betty, who was crying over her broken doll. Unusual for him, he collected the broken remnants of the doll, placed the little child on his horse, and led the snow-white animal to Betty's home.

That night when Betty knelt by her bedside, she prayed that God would make "the lonely gentleman" happy.

Annesley did become happy. Realizing the lack of companionship in his weary life, he adopted a little boy, Paul Raleigh, of about the same age as Betty. The respective lives of Anne Cardigan and Annesley were considerably similar in that they were both unmarried, in the prime of life, and were each educating a child.

Whenever Anne Cardigan met Philip Annesley, she passed him by with her eyes cast down and without addressing a word to him. Betty had noticed this, but upon inquiring the reason why she ignored him, she was unsuccessful in receiving a satisfactory reply.

Paul, the lad that Annesley was fathering, had secretly remarked the irritable mood of Annesley when Betty asked him. As he grew old he became more curious concerning Anne Cardigan and Philip Annesley.

Paul and Betty, being of about the same ages, were in the same classrooms practically all through their grammar and preparatory school courses. The friendship that had its birth in the days when they used to make delicious mud pies together strengthened and ultimately developed into a deep friendship.

Philip Annesley, as doubtless Betty's aunt (Anne Cardigan) had also, noticed the growing love between Paul and Betty, as the former carried Betty's books home from school with his own, the long bicycle rides they took on days they had no school, and as Betty grew from girlhood into a pretty young lady and Paul from an overgrown boy into a youth, their companionship became more than a fast friendship.

At last the time came for these two pals to separate. Paul went to college. During the time that he was away, Betty continued her frequent visits to Philip Annesley, visits which she had begun to make before Paul had gone to college. Paul, before he left, visited Betty's home, but Anne Cardigan or Annesley never spoke to each other. Paul and Betty, as has been before stated, perceived this unneighborly sentiment and had often tried to bridge the chasm that existed between Philip and Anne Cardigan, but were unsuccessful.

Nevertheless, for she admired Paul, she looked forward to his homecomings every June as anxiously as Annesley did himself. He spent the greater part of his vacations with Betty and when the time came for him to return to college in the autumn, it was always with no small regret.

All through his college career, he was distinguished by his peerless athletic ability, and became so popular among his fellow-students that he was selected by them for their class president.

In due time, in his senior year, the class dance occurred, and to make the event more unique, the class committee decided to hold a costume dance instead of a plain one.

Betty and Paul had influenced Philip Annesley and also Anne Cardigan to attend the dance.

On the evening previous, Annesley gave Paul a light blue clown costume with large black polka-dots on it. He had once used this costume himself. Paul decided to wear it at the dance for which the class committee had hired the ball-room in one of the leading hotels.

The evening of the class dance proceeded remarkably well. All present were in costume and masked. Many knew who their partner was, but there was one couple who did not know each other. This couple was Philip Annesley and Anne Cardigan. Neither knew that the other was going to be present, although they had both travelled on the same train.

During the first intermission, Paul and Betty sat down in a secluded corner of the ballroom. As they sat down, Paul felt something stiff underneath the breast of his costume and took out from an unknown pocket a letter.

Naturally seeing no harm in reading it, he took a short note from the envelope addressed to Philip Annesley from Anne Cardigan. The letter ended—"even though you are impossible as a lover, since I do not love you, we can at least continue to regard each other as friends."

Secretly, too, both were ashamed, having come unawares upon knowledge that was not meant for them. Betty, to relieve the embarrassment, suggested that they take the letter to Annesley and explain how it had been discovered.

They had little trouble in finding Philip, and greatly to his amazement, presented him with the letter.

As he read the letter aloud in the richly furnished lounging room of the hotel, Paul saw the birth of horror in Annesley's eyes; saw it grow and grow. He saw the lonely man's lips move, but utter no sound. The look came over his countenance that always appeared when he was irritated or haunted by the storm. What

was it that he saw over Betty's and Paul's shoulders and beyond? Instinctively they turned and what they saw chilled the heat of their blood, for there stood the beautiful Anne Cardigan, her white velvet costume against the dark wine of the portière, an edge of which one of her hands clutched convulsively. Was it her beauty or her magic that turned them all to stone? At any rate, so long as she remained motionless, none had the power to stir. She held herself perfectly erect; every fibre in her body was tense. Her beauty became weirdly powerful, masked as it was with horror, doubt, and reproach. She had heard that it was Philip Annesley with whom she had danced. She had been led by Paul and Betty to attend the dance, without thinking that he would be there.

Betty was the first to recover. She knew that her aunt had heard Annesley reading the letter aloud. Betty and Paul had perhaps made a mistake. The meeting between the two should not have taken place until after the dancers had raised their masks.

Annesley's voice, while reading the letter, had penetrated beyond the room, and Anne Cardigan, seeking seclusion after being so upset upon learning that her partner was the man to whom she had not spoken in so many years, had heard the recitation of the letter and entered the room.

Betty and Paul took an involuntary step towards her; but she waved them back. She proceeded towards the middle of the room, near where Annesley was seated. The sunshine of a smile broke through the clouds. Anne Cardigan was speaking.

"Mr. Annesley—er—Philip," she said gently, "let us play no more. I am too sad. Let us hang up the masks, for our comedy is done."

How silent the room was! How unexpected it all was!

Betty and Paul instinctively left together. Annesley broke the silence.

"In every man's life," he began, "there blooms a flower. In my life that flower was cut down at the zenith of its beauty. It is about to blossom. Would you be so cruel as to cut it down again? Can you give me what I ask; what I have waited for so long—your love, your thoughts, your heart-beats?"

It was her turn to remain dumb now.

At length she spoke: "Can we give those things which are already given?"

The intermission was over long before now. The dance had recommenced. There were two more on the ballroom floor who knew their partner than when the evening started.

The train that went back to Ardmore two or three days after the dance bore. Anne Cardigan and Philip Annesley home, not in different coaches, but together.

Hand in hand they came back along the road, through the flame of the ripening year. The god of light burned far off in the west, blending the brown earth with his crimson radiance, while the purple shadows of the approaching dusk grew larger and larger. The man turned up the road that led to his home. Anne Cardigan followed him.

"What a beautiful world it is!" he said.

"Yes, I begin to find it so," replied the girl, not at the surrounding world, but at him.

Professor Glume

C. H. Gushee

HAT'S the matter? Boys will be boys, you know. Their jokes are harmless and always innocent of real wrong. Let them alone once in a while."

"That's where you and I fundamentally disagree," said Professor Glume. "Children should be continually watched and frequently corrected. That is the only way they can be made good men and women. I shall never cease to watch them sharply so that I may perceive the least thing in which I may correct them. Watch them, I say."

Frank Wilkes was listening in. Why shouldn't he be? Here was his pal, Ted Norris, discussing their common future with the caller who they knew could aid them most and had just then offered them a chance to make a trip to Europe with him. Then he heard Ted say: "Could you explain that part more fully, sir?" He gnashed his teeth. What was Ted questioning him for? This offer couldn't be beaten and they mustn't annoy him. His only chance was to warn his comrade to cease aggravating such a benefactor. He would enter and do the talking himself; but no, that wouldn't look right. He must play the subtle strategist, but how? He would write a note and give it to him. He might not open it then, however. No, that wouldn't do either.

Suddenly something strange happened, as such things do happen at crucial moments. An idea struck him. It would take an expert psychologist to explain how it occurred, but it did. The little object which had occasioned this oddity was a wrist-watch. There it was lying right on the table, and it belonged to Ted, the lad gumming the works in the other room. Frank picked it up, unscrewed the crystal and wrote on the face the words, "Don't be inquisitive." He would surely see that. This done, he replaced the glass and sauntered boldly into the conference chamber.

"No, I don't," vociferated their prospective benefactor. Evidently Ted, with his admirable lack of tact, had hit a sore spot in the old gentleman in broaching a new subject. Frank hastily handed over the wrist-watch, but to his amazement noted he had forgotten to replace it in its leather case, removed to facilitate inscription. At once he hastened after it just as "No, I don't" was being reiterated with increased emphasis. Regaining the case, he could not refrain from adding, written within it, the meaningful legend, "Stung again." Thereupon he returned to the interview where, doubly warned, his friend discarded his quizzing tactics and together, in place of a war of words, they substituted friendly chat, and gained success: they were going to Europe.

Work comes before pleasure. College exams came before Europe, that meant. Therefore that afternoon, our two young veterans of the war of words found themselves again at war, with a paper of questions, dispensed by Professor Glume and his able disciples. Ted, however, could not concentrate his mind on his work. He looked at his wrist-watch, and that reminded him of the morning's interview; and that, in turn, of the future. Already he was on the battlefields of France, living in the scenes of the newspaper headlines of a few years ago.

Meanwhile Professor Glume was on the job—that is, on the watch, and incidentally, watching a watch. Little did he guess that he was gazing down the muzzle of a loaded gun and pulling the trigger at the same time. The charge of the rifle, however, was not death-dealing, but contained the stinging saltpetre of ridicule.

Professor Glume had been noticing this young man for some time. First he would look at his watch and think for a few moments. Then he would turn back to his paper and write a few words. This process was continuing with great frequency. What did that mysterious wrist-watch contain so interesting to the boy? He resolved to find out.

Down the aisle he strode until he came to Ted's desk. He gazed at the watch and discerned its message: "Don't be inquisitive."

Taken aback, he beat a hasty retreat, thus worsted in the first encounter. Still he was not satisfied and pondered the matter deeply during the ensuing minutes. He remembered a little anecdote he had heard in his home town: An ass had been lost, had disappeared. A reward was offered. The village fool wanted it, and to the surprise of all at once returned with the ass. When asked how he had found him, he replied: "Why I just thought where I'd go if I were an ass and I went there and found him."

Professor Glume decided to put himself in the place of the boy attempting wrongly to outwit oversight, for that was boy-nature according to his theory. First of all this boy must not get caught. That was fundamental. Therefore, first of all, he would appear to cheat, while not really doing so. The examiner would approach and find himself the victim of a practical joke and at once depart. Then he would really cheat, and the examiner would not approach, thinking another attempt to repeat the affair, leaving the boy to cheat without interference.

Professor Glume looked at the boy. Yes, he was staring at the watch, the rascal. There was underhanded work going on here, that was sure. He, the great Professor Glume, the marvellous detective, had discovered it and now he would execute a great coup. He called together his able assistants.

"Follow me," said he laconically, as if he were a Spartan, modest of his exploit, or another Caesar reporting a great conquest. He led them to the desk of one Theodore Norris, and in a stern voice demanded his wrist-watch. He showed his followers the face and one able assistant snickered. He shot at him a glance that pierced him through and through, struck him dead, embalmed and buried him all at the same time. Next he attempted to further his investigation by removing the watch from its case.

"Stung again." His able assistants roared.

At last Glume was dispelled.



A Coward's Part

PHILLIPS BOYD

PRIVATE Bill Peters was the smallest, weakest, least courageous fellow in Company E, —rd Infantry. He had been a stenographer for a large New York brokerage house. When war was declared and the draft bill passed, he gave up his job and went out to an oil town in Texas to dodge the draft. His act was in vain, for he was finally drafted and sent to a Texas training camp. Three months of hard training prepared his regiment for overseas service. Then they entrained for a debarkation port. After two days and nights of slow travel, the men arrived at Hoboken, where the transport "George Washington" was waiting. There were two more days of torture for Bill, during which he was examined and declared fit for overseas service.

At last the transport left America. Already Bill had made a bad impression on his comrades, a few of whom even surreptitiously called him "slacker," "yellow-belly," and other names. The voyage across was uneventful. Outside the harbor of St. Nazaire, a flotilla of sub-chasers joined the convoy of which the transport "George Washington" was a part.

After debarking the men spent several days in a muddy camp outside of St. Nazaire. Then the order came to move to a place in the district of———, where they spent the rest of the spring and part of the summer in further training. Suddenly orders arrived to advance to the line near Chateau-Thierry to check the great German offensive, begun in March. Bill Peters had a terrible tugging at his heart, which was trying to make him turn and flee from the horrors of going to the front, but he was such a coward, he did not even dare desert.

It was the regiment's first night in the trenches and it seemed as if hell were let loose. The cannonading was heavy. The screeching and moaning of shells was incessant. The weird glare of star shells lighted the scene. Peters crouched in a corner of the parapet weeping with fear. One fellow was on lookout post on the firing step, peering into No Man's Land.

Suddenly the German barrage ceased and out of their trench climbed soldiers who looked more like turtles than men. The machine guns along the American line began to spit fire; yet, although many of the Germans dropped, the wave of Huns rushed on. The captain of the ——rd Company ordered his men to man the firing step. Bill got up shaking with fear, but with a new determination to do something which would make a good name for himself. Nevertheless, he still trembled so that he could not shoot.

The Germans had advanced to what was formerly a line of barbed wire. It was now so shattered by shells that only a few stakes were left standing here and there. Behind the first enemy wave came a second. The first line was thinned, but was being driven on by their officers. The men advanced until they were at the bayonet point, then at hand-to-hand encounter. The section of the trench held by the ——rd Company was cut off and the Germans were attempting their old tactics of trying to obliterate the company by boxing in one part of the American line.

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Many were killed, yet, although most were slightly or severely wounded, they continued to fight. Ammunition was nearly gone and the captain asked for a volunteer to go through the hemming line of Germans and seek aid.

"Here's my chance," thought Bill, and promptly replied, "I'll go, sir."

The captain was dumfounded that Peters should volunteer, but said not a word. He gave Bill a revolver and his Godspeed. Peters forgot his former cowardice and his heart was aglow with the pride of being of service to his company.

He proceeded slowly over the uneven ground, stumbling once when a shell splinter struck him, but not faltering. After he had gone about a hundred yards, he could see the forms of Germans silhouetted against the sky and he knew that he was near the line that cut our men off in the rear. On he crawled until he was within ten yards of a shell-hole. He heard several deep, guttural voices. He could not see any Germans now, as they had hidden in whatever depressions they could find. Bill wondered what had happened to the other Americans who had held the ground. Cautiously he made his way around the first group of Germans, only to find some more. He approached the hole and peeped in. Two Huns met his gaze. Not daring to leave them in his way, he levelled his revolver and commanded, "Surrender!"

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

He stripped the men of their weapons and bombs. Then he tied their hands behind their backs and led them forward. He succeeded in getting them slowly past the last guard of Germans when they were suddenly hailed with:

"Who goes there?"

"Friend. Where's the commandant?" asked Bill, weak from loss of blood. He entered the trench, gave his prisoners to a sergeant and proceeded to the captain of the company. He entered the captain's dugout, saluted, and said: "Company E, ——rd, is hemmed in and is short of ammunition. I was sent to get help." Saying this, he fainted from loss of blood.

Bill Peters did not regain consciousness until next morning. He opened his eyes upon a room, clean and white. A Red Cross nurse was watching him. At first he thought that he was in Heaven, but then he remembered the events of the night before. It was some time before frightened Bill found courage to force his trembling lips to ask:

"Is the company safe?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "and the Germans were driven back a mile!"



The House of Pitfall

ANTHONY HARRINGTON

ERRY ABBOT was one of those human beings who believed there was no adventure to be found in a big city. Like many others of his type, he scoffed at his friends who informed him in polite words that he was a fool. He had lived the average humdrum life; had been to college, and two years before had settled down in his uncle's office. His uncle was a stockbroker, and there was plenty of excitement in the course of Jerry's daily work. However, that does not concern this story; neither was it adventure of the sort that Jerry was looking for, and like those who have wished throughout the ages for the "good old days" to return, Jerry wished in vain. He gazed with longing eyes at the West, the East, the South, —anywhere but home. "Alton was Alton, you couldn't get around that," he asserted; "a city of tremendous possibilities commercially, but devoid of adventure." Existence never changed there. The usual list of robberies were chronicled in the reports, and an occasional murder or two, but the latter were cold-blooded affairs without even a thrill about them. That was what Jerry Abbot thought a year, nay, a month ago. Ask him now and he will tell you the following story.

"One Saturday night, as I was returning home late from the office, considerable transfers of stock having taken place and the routine of the office having demanded that a few remain late, I had occasion to take a short cut."

Here he will stop and say that it's a wild yarn and that you will laugh at him for stringing you, but on your assuring him of your eagerness to hear it, he will go on, at first slightly reluctant but, as the tale unfolds, he will unbend and lose himself in the telling of it.

"Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, I remember—it was the short cut! The side street I was about to enter cuts off Harbor at a sort of slant. It leads down into a poorly lighted but yet thoroughly respectable neighborhood, as I had always thought. The houses were of that type constructed in the late 90's, of red brick but all with the same fronts and snug up against each other. In a worse neighborhood those same fronts would have suggested mystery to anyone but myself. Possibly my power of imagination was yet unborn; at least, it had never been developed.

"Without any hesitation I stepped briskly down the street, not feeling in the least inclined to whistle. I had proceeded a block and was well into the next one when suddenly the sidewalk gave way beneath me and I landed with a thud on a stone surface several feet below. It left me dazed for a moment, and I got up carefully, putting out one leg and then reaching out slowly an arm. I was surprised to find myself unhurt. The place was shrouded in inky blackness; even after my eyes became accustomed to it, there was no lessening of the gloom. I endeavored to locate my means of entrance but all signs of it had vanished. I felt for my match box and cursed the luck that it was empty. I couldn't for the life of me figure how I had entered. If there had been a defect in the sidewalk there surely would have been a gaping hole through which I cou'd have seen the distant hazy glow of the city's electric signs. I was nonplussed. It never entered my mind that it could have been malice aforethought until several moments later. Finally I gave up pondering and groped my way over to the wall and then began to slide along,

feeling every crevice and indentation in the hope that it might be a door. I think I must have encircled almost the entire room before I came to a decided break. Then I nearly stumbled over a step. Upon examination there proved to be three of them. Mounting them, my hand encountered the smooth surface again. I felt about for several moments before locating a hasp. The door swung open without a sound and I entered a hall but slightly lighter than the place I had just left. Before me was a flight of steps. Up these I rushed, assuring myself that I had fallen into someone's cellar and was now climbing to the first floor. I paused for a moment as I reached a landing in the stairs, but no sooner had I placed my feet upon it when the flooring gave way and I found myself sliding rapidly downward. After an instant my feet touched an obstruction which yielded to the pressure and I was precipitated once more upon what I felt to be the same cold surface I had first encountered.

"The thing seemed incredible. I began to think I had stumbled on an adventure, and it set my blood to tingling; but this finally yielded to a nervousness and I found myself shaking like a leaf. I think it must have been the dreadful silent darkness. Heaven knows, darkness is bad enough, but when combined with the silence of the tomb, it is unbearable. I located the door again; this time without much trouble. Up the stairs I went as before, but when I reached the landing I hugged the wall, flattening myself out as a fly on a window pane. I reached what I judged to be the first floor and surveyed the dimly lighted hall before me. It was short and narrow and opening from it were several doors, all tightly closed. I tried each in vain, and so was forced to turn my attention to the narrow stairway, which was a continuation of the one I had just climbed. I crept up carefully and as lightly as I could, hardly allowing my weight to rest upon them, and on arriving at the landing in the turn I clung to the wall. It all happened so quickly I don't exactly remember what really occurred. I think the wall against which I was leaning must have given way. At any rate, after a sudden and more violent descent, I landed in much the same position as I had before.

"As this was the third fall, I was somewhat shaken, to say the least, and I was loath to try it again; so I sat in the darkness, attempting to make myself as comfortable as possible under the conditions. However, I couldn't sit still. The appalling silence stung me into action. I drew my hand across my forehead and it came off dripping. I stumbled to my feet somewhat painfully, I must admit, and assailed that dreadful stairway again. This time I decided to cling to the banisters and give the wall as wide a berth as I could. I passed the second floor safely and mounted another flight of steps, reaching the third floor without accident. I looked for another flight but I had reached the top. I tried the doors one after the other as I had done on the floors below, and to my intense satisfaction I found one that opened, but my heart quailed when I saw the pitchy blackness that greeted me. I entered, for anything was better than that tricky stairway. There was a slight step down that almost threw me on my face. On remembering the former pitfalls, I quickly sought the walls and began groping there. To my surprise, as my hands played over the surface, they encountered numerous indentations. I came to the conclusion that the room was panelled, and on making what I judged the complete round of the room, for the door which I had left opened had mysteriously swung to, it appeared similar to those panelled chambers with sliding doors of which I had read yet believed had long since disappeared from the modern city. Again and again I made the circuit. Finally I became desperate. I thundered and hammered on the walls that gave back a mocking, hollow sound. I beat with my fists until they ached, but I might as well tried to hammer in the sides of a battleship. I was in despair. The unreality of the whole occurrence gripped me, but my aching fists belied it.

Once more I felt my way about the wall to where I thought I had entered, and exerted all my strength battering myself up against the panel until I had to stop for breath. I rested a moment then gathered myself for a big spring. With all the power of my well-knit frame I hurled myself against the wall. The panel seemed to melt before me and I shot forward into space with alarming suddenness. I lost consciousness almost immediately.

"It was the next morning before I regained my senses and the funny part of it was that I was in a taxicab which was drawing up at the apartment in which I lived. My clothes were in great disarray and there was a repulsive smell of liquor about me. When the cab had come to a stop, the driver hopped down and opened the door for me.

"'You've had a bad night,' he whispered, leaning over confidentially. 'A little too much, I should say, sir. If I was you, I'd slip in quietly and not say much about it, sir.'

"I reached in my pocket for some money, when to my consternation I found that I hadn't a cent. My watch was missing; in fact, all my valuables were gone. I was completely cleaned out. 'I'm sorry,' I said to the driver, 'but I haven't a cent. Would you mind waiting a moment while I run up and get some?'

"'Certainly not, sir,' he replied.

"I immediately hastened upstairs, but when I returned, five minutes later, the taxi had disappeared.

"Worn out, I flung myself on the bed and thanked my stars it was Sunday, and that the office made no demands on me. I did not awake until late in the afternoon, and then only long enough to eat my dinner which I had ordered sent up. Monday morning I awoke tremendously refreshed. On going to sleep the day before, I had at first resolved to notify the police; but, tired as I was, the futility of such action struck me. I should be laughed at. I could not locate the house for one thing—there were three blocks of them all exactly alike. If the taxi driver could be found, which I doubted much, he would maintain that I was drunk; and instead of making trouble for someone else, I should only make it for myself; therefore I ended by wishing the whole affair in a hotter place than the Sahara. But now, with twenty-four hours of refreshing, invigorating sleep and a good breakfast, I felt differently. I rather hankered to know the conclusion of Saturday night's proceeding."

Here Jerry pauses and inquires if you are interested and if he shall go on, or isn't he boring you. The time he told it to Fred Shackelton, Fred cursed him for delaying the story.

"Well, after debating the project for several days, I finally decided to have a try the coming Saturday night. It was an extremely ticklish undertaking. I knew that the house was situated about a block and a half from Harbor Street, but that was all. It was late in the evening when I set out. As I walked along the block

in question, I noticed a good-sized manhole set in the sidewalk before each house, evidently a coal hole. Of course, it was through one of these my entrance had been so unceremoniously made, but which one? That was the question. On making a careful examination of the manholes in the centre of the block by aid of my flashlight, I discovered one that had been used more recently than the others, and yet there was no sign of coal dust, such as lingers for days after. Something whispered that this was the house and to try to enter. I had no mind to do this as I had previously done; so while it was a foolhardy thing to do. I decided to try in the ordinary way. Ouietly, as anyone would do, I mounted the steps. I was just about to ring the bell when the tiny porch gave way and I went sprawling. I clutched frantically at anything and everything, but without avail, and in a moment I found myself in a heap on a strangely familiar cold floor and in the same inky blackness. I reached for my flashlight, but the fall had destroyed its usefulness. Fortunately, I had also supplied myself plentifully with safety matches. I struck one and located the door and then I turned for a moment's observation of the room. It was nothing more than an ordinary basement, but in the wall opposite the steps was a small oblong door. Just then the match burned my fingers and I hastily dropped it. I crossed the floor and located this small door. It swung easily on a double hinge. The light from another match showed me that, just as I thought, it was a shute, very much as institutions have for sending down the soiled linen to the laundry. It was this I had been precipitated into when trying to mount the stairs. I was just about to draw away when the thought came to make my entrance here rather than by that awful stairway. Several times I attempted a passage, but each time I slipped back. Once again I determined to try it, when there came the sound of muffled beating above me. Puzzled at first, it finally dawned upon me that it was coming from the panelled room. Doubtless another victim was trying to find a means of egress. Probably he would soon be coming down the shute, and it would be well for me to make my escape. I turned abruptly with this thought in view, when suddenly the room was flooded with light and I could hear advancing footsteps. I was caught in a trap. It wouldn't be healthy to remain where I was, and yet I should be caught at a disadvantage attempting to make an exit by the slide. I had one other choice and I acted quickly upon it. Drawing myself up the slide as far as possible, I let myself go and shot limply out into the room, hitting the floor with a dull thud. I remained there motionless, just as I had fallen.

"The man whose steps I had heard, and who in the meantime had entered the room, was evidently waiting for his victim, and bent eagerly over me. With a lightning move I threw out my arms, catching him about the neck, and with a quick throw hurled him on his back. I clapped my hand over his mouth just as the door of the shute opened outward and a body hurled past me—undoubtedly the occupant of the panelled room. He lay perfectly still, rendered unconscious by the force of the fall. At least I hoped this was all, for my whole attention was taken with my prisoner. I was now sitting astride of him. I looked about for something to tie him with, but could see nothing. My only course was to render him insensible. I hit him a sharp blow on the temple and he lay still. Leaving the two men on the floor, I next located the manhole through which I had first fallen. As the ceiling was low, and I somewhat tall, as you know, I easily swung myself out. I fancy I must have been some sight running down the street with my clothes half torn

from my body. It was the work of a moment to locate a policeman and pour enough of my tale into his ear to make him interested. He sent in a call for support and we hurried to the house. I pointed out the open manhole. I was for plunging in at once, but he advised waiting for reinforcements, wishing to capture the whole gang.

"Five minutes later the reinforcements arrived. Some of the officers entered by the manhole, others smashed in the front door. Several, too hasty, had fallen into the many pitfalls the house abounded in, and it would have been a funny sight under any other circumstances to see the officers come shooting out into the basement, thoroughly enraged. By the time we had demolished the panelled room, the gang had escaped, leaving only the one comrade I had put out of commission.

"It afterward developed that the gang had been in operation for a long period, and many had travelled the same road I had. If a victim remained conscious after the first fall, the long descent from the panelled room would get him. Then he would be robbed, his clothes saturated with liquor, and he would be placed in a waiting taxi, its driver a member of the gang. He would wake up the next morning wondering if it had all been a nightmare or if he had been really drunk, but always to find himself robbed. The police had heard of it many times, but had never been able to get on to the trail, the gang having operated so cleverly.

"So you see," Jerry would say, "I've changed my mind about adventures lacking in a large city, especially Alton."

And here you would agree with him.



A Summer Fancy

Among the pine trees straight and tall, Where music sweet and pleasures call,

I went a-walking 'neath the moon And heard the breeze 'mid tree-tops croon.

The moon shone down with beams so bright That all the woods were bathed in light.

The white beams danced from shore to pool And played with night winds soft and cool.

So I danced too, with soul so free, While sang my heart with laughing glee.

I danced, I skipped, I laughed, I sang, Till down the pine-arched glade there sprang

A Naiad fair to look upon And we danced on, and on, and on.

But when the moon was sinking low, Within the east appeared a glow—

She left me in that woodland dell, And o'er my heart a silence fell.

The birds began to chirp and sing— To dart about on feathered wing—

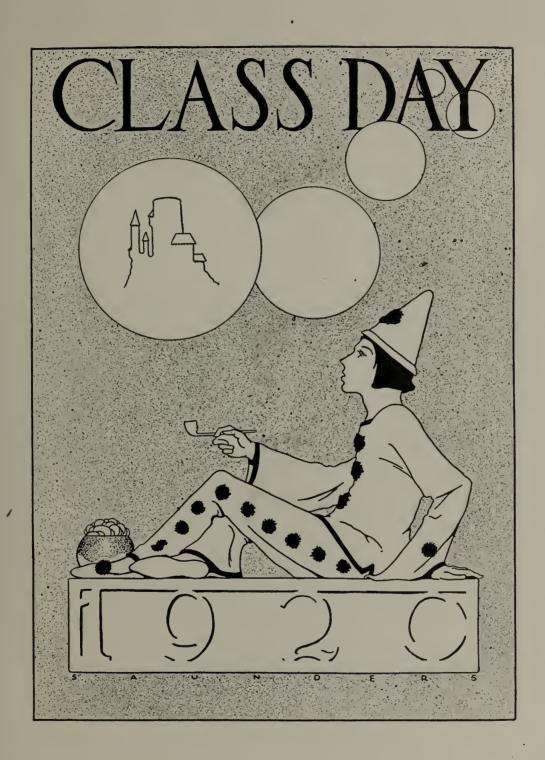
But in my heart no joy was there, For she had gone and left it bare.

I haunted long that woodland glade Where she and I had gaily played,

She did not come till yestere'en To dance with me o'er mosses green,

But now I know her heart is mine, Till sun and stars no longer shine,

For all last night with stars above We laughed and danced and sang of love.



Class Song of 1920

Words and Music by

LYMAN B. OWEN

I

We love you, Alma Mater,
You've been to us true blue;
Though we have not deserved it,
And oft neglected you.

Η

You've fostered us and nurtured, As only parents do; And yet, O dearest mother, Is nothing due to you?

III

With ardour we'll surround you, Through each ensuing year; As loyal sons we'll guard you In every trial severe.

CHORUS:

"Carissima," we hail thee, Our Alma Mater fair; The hour of parting hastens, And we must leave thy care.

The Class Day

THIS year Class Day occurred April 16, and the Class Committee under the excellent leadership of William E. Collins, Jr., President of the Class of 1920, arranged a truly interesting program. The first event on the program was the Class Song, the words and music for which were written by Lyman B. Owen. The rich voice of Clarence J. Burns did ample justice to the stanzas, and the whole class, joining in the refrain, filled the hall with harmony. The orchestra came next, aided vocally by a chorus of Class I boys, and entertained effectively by a popular air. Frank L. Kozol gave the Class Oration with an admirable delivery and drew all present into a spirit suiting the day, the day of parting.

The older members of the school, remembering the joy-giving performance of the Harvard Glee Club in previous years, regretted the more its absence. The next number on the program was a recitation by Joseph Schneider, winner last year of the First Prize in Declamation. He easily maintained his reputation as a speaker, and even bettered perhaps his previous efforts. Music was next provided on the piano by Francis S. King and Laurence E. Bunker, and the orchestra entertained again. The Mandolin Club gave a fine exhibition and was followed by the speaker of the day, Colonel Edward L. Logan, an alumnus of our school. He told of the inestimable value of high-school memories, when the eye ceases to see the present or wonder at the future, and the inner eye, glancing back over the dusty volumes of the past, feasts upon the tender picture painted by the reminiscences of boyhood. A fitting close to the exercises was the traditional singing of "America." After the hall exercises were concluded, an exhibition of military drill was given by the Second Battalion.

The Oration of the Class of 1920

FRANK LOUIS KOZOL

Mr. Pennypacker, Teachers and Friends, Classmates:

When the sun first cast her yellow beams across the world this morning, she ushered in a day that will live in our memories forever, for on this day we, the Class of 1920, have reached a crisis in our lives.

Some years ago, when we first passed through the doors of this school, as children, our bodies and minds were in a very low stage of development, while our spirit consisted merely of a collection of ungoverned emotions. To train and develop our minds and bodies according to the highest standards of American manhood was the task of the men whom, in our younger days, we regarded merely as our teachers, but whom now we can fully realize to have been our friends. The manner and means that they employed to do this have carried us from the ignorance and follies of childhood to the realization of responsibility that men possess; but where they scored their greatest victory and greatest glory was in their splendid training of our wild spirits. A deep love of family and friend, the will to forgive an enemy, the true love of our country and our flag, are now ours through their efforts. Dear friends, we are now about to leave the guidance of your friendly hands to face

our duties. It is a true joy to us to realize that behind all our joys and successes, all the abilities and powers which we may possess, lies the ingrained friendship of men who have it in their power to guide the destinies of the nation by guiding the nation's young manhood. Words cannot express our gratitude to you.

To you, younger brothers, we leave all the dear traditions that have grown up here throughout the years, all the noble precedents, all the glories. Grasp them and make them yours. Make it your aim to surpass us, who go before you, as we make it our aim to surpass those who have gone before us. Let the high mark of your excellence be the guiding-light for those who follow you.

Dear Classmates: We are upon the eve of our departure from our school, to separate, perhaps forever. As our memories run along the events of the last few years, the realization dawns upon us that we have lived through one of the most critical periods, if not the most critical, in the entire history of the world. Events have followed events in such rapid succession that we have, in the happy seclusion of our work, hardly realized their significance.

Within a very few years we shall have grown into full manhood. Then we must take our places in the world. And where? Our work here and the work we have prepared for, shall qualify us to take our place as leaders. Yes, leaders, my brothers, as so many Latin School boys have been before us. Classmates, the world is now in chaos. Dissatisfaction is everywhere. It is an eternal law that the old, the bad, the foul, must go, must give way to the new, the fresh, the clear, the healthy. Classmates, to bring about satisfaction; to instigate the good; to introduce the new, and fresh, and healthy is your task. The line that divides success from failure is very narrow, but well defined. Our goal is success—success in bringing our country out of its difficulties; success in making this earth as much like heaven as the Maker will permit. Let us remember that our minds are like our watches—"no two go just alike, yet each believes his own," and by utilizing this, learn to respect the other man's opinion. In the pursuit of right, "as God gives us to see the right," let nothing whatsoever be an obstacle to our progress, for the tasks which confront us are great, very great.

We are indeed fortunate to be living here, in a land where all men are equal and have equal opportunities, more so now when so many nations of the world are in distress. Let us grasp the opportunities we have before us and use them unselfishly for the benefit of mankind, for the betterment of man. Charity and *immortality* go hand in hand; so let us not forget to give out of the fullness of our hearts.

Brothers, we part: some to enter college, some to enter the greater school of life. We leave our school with its sweet memories, perhaps never to meet again; but the friendships formed here in our youth we shall carry with us through life. With the help of all our training and our faculties let us make our lives a beacon of good and usefulness so that when we are finally called before the Great Judgment Seat, we can say: "Father, I have done my best to have 'Thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven!"



The Register

ITH the advent of this number, the 1919-1920 Staff brings the thirtyninth continuous year of the Register to a close. It has been the policy this year to devote most of the space to fiction and sporting news. In a school of this kind very few things known as "doings" in other institutions take place, and, since the magazine is a monthly, would be out of date. We believed from what had been said by various subscribers that the school desired more reading matter in the shape of fiction and more sport news than anything else; so we have attempted to meet this need. By comparing the space devoted to fiction we have the following figures: 1917-18, fifteen stories or some twenty-nine pages of fiction; 1918-19, eighteen stories or forty-six pages, and 1919-20, twenty stories or sixty pages. These figures are for the first eight numbers only. The final number of 1917-18 contained only one story, while the final issue of the present year is equal to that of the corresponding one of last year. The figures speak for themselves. As to the quality, the Staff believes you are the best judges. Furthermore, a greater number of stories has been turned in from members of the school outside the Staff than in the last three years.

Again figures give us an idea of the space devoted to sports. In 1917-18 some twenty-two pages were set aside while in the school year of 1918-19 the number fell to nineteen pages. The year 1919-20 shows a considerable increase over both, having thirty pages of sport news. Again these numbers cover but a period of the first eight months. As before, the amount in this issue is fully equal to that of last year. The above statements have been set forward in reply to several subscribers who inferred that the Register has not adhered to its policy determined upon at the opening of the school year.

This year the *Register* has attempted to co-operate with the school and its activities. Believing that the department of athletics is doing a good work, the *Register* has tried to get in closer touch with it. Before, there was a certain degree of aloofness, as though the athlete did not go hand in hand with the literary man; yet could the ancient Greek be separated from his sports? The one fault commonly found with athletic men in this school is that their scholarship is low. Then the only way to remedy this is not by tearing down the teams and by antagonistic feeling on the part of some of the masters, but by the interesting of boys who have good ratings. Everyone takes recreation in some manner. Why not have it benefit the glory of the school at the same time? The *Register* in a small degree has labored to promote this with the pen as well as in deed. Football, crew and track are found represented on the Staff.

The ad sleuths, under the direction of the chief sleuth, Business Manager Langsam, have done good and faithful service, showing a considerable increase in outside ads. C. H. Gushee has been one of the chief mainstays of the Staff, showing a versatile adaptness along many lines. N. F. Stuart has endeavored to make the Sport columns seem animated, and he has succeeded remarkably well. Many have wondered what the Managing Editor has

Register Staff 1919-1920



BACK ROW (LET TO RIGHT) P. L. BOYD, W. H. RICE, H. E. WHITING, N. F. STUART, J. A. S. CALLANAN, H. R. ROBINSON, L. B. OWEN FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) W. M. CURTIS, M. J. LANGSAM (8US. MGR.), F. W. SAUNDERS (EDITOR), H. STRAUSS, C. H. GUSHEE

had to do. The glory of the man behind the lines does not always make itself evident. H. Strauss has proved himself a valuable asset. The Joke Department has always been a difficult position to fill. J. Schneider's work during the first part of the year was untiring and excellent. L. B. Owen took the position over soon after the beginning of the year, Schneider feeling that the work was too heavy in connection with his regular school studies. Stepping in at the middle of the year is not the easiest thing, but Owen showed that he could handle the department, and did so extremely well. Owen's labors have not ceased with that department, but he has been one of the mainstays in the fiction department. The Class III editors have confined their endeavors to the Fiction Department, and certainly we can say that they have acquitted themselves nobly.

The editor this year has been obliged to add to his multitudinous duties the work of art editor.

The Staff believes that this year the school has taken a more constructive interest in the school magazine and they sincerely hope that the good work will be carried on to even a greater degree in the coming years. Each year the Staff has had in view the bigger and better *Register*. This is the only command and order the Staff leaves for the year to follow: "You must progress, for progress is the law."



A story is told of Sam Houston, the old Texan pioneer, who was noted for his fearlessness. Certain of the men in his village wished to ascertain whether or not he was as fearless as his reputation claimed him to be; so they appointed one of their number to wrap himself in a sheet and conceal himself in a thicket on a very lonely road through the woods that they knew Houston would traverse that night. The man bravely took his appointed position and soon heard the approaching footsteps of the pioneer. He then stepped out into the road confronting Houston.

"If you're a ghost," said Houston, "you don't want to hurt me. If you're human, you can't and if you're the devil, I married your sister; so come on home."

THE CLUBS

Boston Latin School Debating Club

ROBERT M. MORRISON, PRESIDENT

The Debating Club began its activities last December, under the leader-ship of temporary officers. The first debate of the season was a discussion on whether Ireland should be a Republic. The ability shown by the speakers gave promise of many and successful debates to be held in the course of the year. In the meantime, a constitution had been drawn up and ratified, and at the last meeting in December the election of officers was held. R. M. Morrison, R. 3, was elected President; M. L. Carrol, R. 3, Vice-President; S. Segal, R. 13, Recording Secretary; and M. Silbert, R. 13, Field Secretary. Mr. Hobbs was elected Critic. Under the newly elected officers, plans were made for the year's work.

After the Christmas recess, debating began in earnest. The questions discussed were some that were actually staring the people of this country in the face. The advisability of sending food to Europe, the question as to the relative merits and demerits of the moving pictures and many similar topics were debated. The first large debate was on the question, "Resolved,—That the U. S. Government should buy and operate the railways." Due to the excellent work of Silbert and his colleague, Hirsh, the negative side defeated the affirmative, consisting of Carroll, Morrison, and Badlian.

Another debate was on the question of Bolshevism in America. The question "Is there really a Red Menace?" was ably argued by teams representing the first and second classes. The judges, who were Messrs. Southworth and Hobbs, gave the decision to the affirmative team, consisting of Curtis, Jackson, and Morrison, The negative was upheld by McCashin, Weschler, and Murray of Class II. Murray was given special mention for his thoroughness and good arguments.

The Field Secretary reported that inquiries concerning debates with other schools had brought out the information that they had already filled their schedules. He said, that if we wish outside debates, we must prepare for them the year ahead. Power was voted to the Field Secretary to make arrangements for debates for next year, and it is hoped that the members next year will take advantage of them.

After the winter recess, the style of debates was changed. Hitherto the questions under discussion had been public ones; they were now changed to questions that vitally concern all the members of the school. The first of these questions was, "Resolved, That the Entrance Requirements to Harvard are excessive." Ample notice of the debate was given to the school and there was a great showing, about seventy-five being present. From assurances given afterwards, we are sure that all were interested and pleased with the debate. The affirmative side had excellent arguments and used them to good advantage in proving their case. Gushee, the first speaker, had his part of the question well under control. Silbert, the end man and the rebutter, spoke fluently, forcefully, and to the point. On the negative side, Carroll showed good ability in opening the question and proved all



BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): B. J. LOWENBERG, M. HIRSH, L. WESCHLER, MURRAY, MR. SOUTHWORTH (FACULTY ADVISER), G. M. JACKSON, RIGBY, BORENSTEIN CENTER: M. S. SILBERT, M. L. CARROLL, R. M. MORRISON, S. SEGAL, F. KOZOL FRONT ROW: O. SEGAL, R. E. MORRISON, BORNSTEIN

his points. Morrison also showed the good result of his practice during the year.

Messrs. Henderson and Southworth gave great praise to the debaters and said that the question was so closely argued that the winning side had a majority of

that the question was so closely argued that the winning side had a majority of only six points out of a total of 250. Owing to the good rebuttal that Morrison had made, they gave the award to the negative. (Of course, this had nothing to do with the fact that Harvard lowered her requirements two weeks later.)

The affirmative side was not content to remain defeated, and they challenged the negative to a return debate on the question, "Resolved that the practice of giving misdemeanor marks in the Latin School be discontinued." Once again Silbert and Gushee were the apostles of reform; and Morrison, this time with Hirsh as a colleague, took the conservative point of view. Once again the bebaters showed rare talent in handling their arguments, and once again, the judges declared the negative side winners.

Now, as the year draws to a close, we are finishing the debating work. There remain only three debates that will be held between the various rooms of the First Class, for the championship of the school. Upon the merits of these debates will be awarded the medals for debating. Then, after the election of temporary officers for next year, the work of the club will come to an end.

On looking back over the year's work, one cannot help noticing the marked improvement that has taken place in the debaters. When we consider the crude handling of the arguments at the beginning of the year and compare it with the fluency and clearness with which the debaters now handle their topics, we are most agreeably surprised. Yet, in truth, there is nothing wonderful about it. It comes from practice, simply practice. In the school curriculum we are given an opportunity for standing in front of the class and mumbling something we have learned by heart. That might be very well for those whose only ambition in public speaking is to deliver at far distant intervals, some dry after-dinner speech. When we consider, however, that the guests will not have in the future any solace to drown their grief in, why——. All joking aside, the only way that one can grow accustomed to speaking before his fellows is by practice. These will arise many occasions, when fluency and ease, before an audience, will be required and the practice of extemporaneous speaking in debates is of great assistance. Even in our classrooms, we can see the results of this practice, in the recitations of men who have had it.

Then again, don't consider debating a dry affair. It's far from it. In fact football might be called hard and tiresome work when we consider the drudgery of the practice; but it's when the contest comes! It is the same with debating. No one who has not tried it, can appreciate the pleasure that is gotten from matching wits with your opponent and defeating him. Give it a try, fellows! Next year there will be opportunities for meeting other schools. Why not prove to them that Latin School stands at the head in mental as well as physical prowess? Stand by your school, fellows, and you'll not be sorry.

Before finishing, we wish to extend the most grateful thanks to Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Southworth, who have given their valuable time in directing the Club. Their efforts in our behalf are greatly appreciated and we take this opportunity of thanking them. We also wish to extend our thanks to the members of the faculty, who have acted as judges in our several debates.

Here's to the Debating Club, fellows, and may it have a successful future!

OLLOWING are the names of the editors-in-chief and business managers of the Register from 1883 to 1919, inclusive. In 1882 there was neither editorin-chief nor business manager, but the full Staff of that year is here published.

1882—J. H. PAYNE, Literary Editor.

G. SANTAYANA

J. R. SLATTERY

I. A. FRYE. Military Editor.

J. W. STRAUSS, Sporting Editor.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

1883—F. E. E. HAMILTON

1884—W. P. HENDERSON

1885—L. S. Griswold

1886—H. E. BURTON

1887—A. S. HAYES

1888—E. GROSSMAN

1889—E. G. JACKSON

1890-E. W. CAPEN

1891--E. A. BALDWIN

1892—H. W. PRESCOTT

1893—E. E. SOUTHARD

1894—P. A. H. VAN DAELL

1895—F. K. BRYANT

1896—H. L. SEAVER

1897—J. O'GORMAN

1898—H. A. Noone

1899—L. R. CLAPP

1900—C. W. HARRIS

1901—J. N. CLARK

1902—H. A. Bellows

1903—E. E. House

1904—G. EMERSON

1905—R. T. PEARE

1906-W. A. CORLEY

1907—G. O'GORMAN

1908-H. W. Sмітн

1909—G. H. GIFFORD

1910—R. G. WILSON. JR.

1911—C. H. PETERSON

1912-W. C. PACKARD

1913—R. C. KELLEY

1914—E. G. STANWOOD

1915-W. A. GUILD

1916—A. W. MARGET

1917—E. A. MINARD

1918—E. G. FAY

1919—P. J. Wenners

1920-F. W. SAUNDERS

BUSINESS MANAGERS

L. R. Lewis

Managing Editors.

H. H. TURNER

F. F. CUTLER

C. H. TAYLOR

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E. A. REED

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F. S. FRISBEE

W. A. WOOD

A. W. HOITT

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C. C. MILLER

D. Daly

R. B. WHITNEY

A. J. COPP, JR.

V. O'GORMAN

C. Lublin

T. F. Jones

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J. B. COOLIDGE

M. S. GREEN.

S. B. FINKEL

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W. A. PERRINS, IR.

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F. J. GILLIS

R. B. Tyler

A. M. Sonnabend

S. R. DUNHAM, IR.

R. M. SANDERS

H. L. SEELY

H. B. Bross

O. J. CURRIER

M. J. Langsam



The Orchestra

L. Muchnick, Secretary

THE Latin School Orchestra has just completed the school year in a most successful manner. Although at the start we seemed handicapped by the lack of well-trained players, Mr. Henderson, our leader, so guided the new material that reported at the first meeting that we scored a great success with the members of the school.

The first violin section is composed of I. J. Zimmerman of Room 23, L. Muchnick of Room 3, G. R. Peterson of Room 6, H. Silverstein of Room 17, V. R. Panico of Room 15, and H. C. Reynolds of Room 5. Of these only the first three were members of last year's orchestra. The second violin section consists of H. Cohen of Room 24, M. D. Hirshon of Room 27, R. Hochman of Room 9, J. S. Meyer of Room 9, Dubchansky of Room 9, and H. Cohen of Room 9. R. Tuson of Room 3 and S. Liner of Room 9 are two talented players that compose the piano section. These boys were chosen from a group of many who offered their services, and Mr. Henderson has so arranged it that each of these boys has his turn at the piano. Although we were lacking in wind instruments, having but one trombone, G. P. Rupert, Jr., of Room 13, played so well that the absence of the other brass instruments was almost unnoticeable. Mr. Henderson, nevertheless, hired, on our different occasions, two or three wind instrument players so that this small defect might be made up. Two "snappy" drummers, H. Shaw of Room 7 and R. Winternitz of Room 19, completed our numbers.

To Mr. Henderson belongs the credit for his original idea that won so much popularity with both the members and friends of the school. He formed a chorus, composed mostly of Class I boys, who sang in accompaniment to some of the songs that the orchestra played. When, on Washington's Birthday, the chorus sang the "Vamp," accompanied by the orchestra, great delight was expressed by both the members of the school and its friends, and encores were asked for. The men of Class I who composed this chorus were: R. M. Morrison of Room 3, M. Hirsh of Room 12, L. Muchnick of Room 3, F. L. Kozol of Room 11, M. L. Carroll of Room 3, A. Hailparn of Room 3, S. Segal of Room 13, L. Shubow of Room 3 and M. S. Silbert of Room 13. These boys are deserving of hearty thanks and much praise for the time and effort they contributed to help make the musical numbers on our program a success.

A similar performance to that given on Washington's Birthday took place on Class Day. On this occasion one of the selections played by the orchestra was "Oh, by Jingo." The chorus sang while the orchestra played this number. The efforts of the musicians were rewarded by much applause and this assured us of the success of Mr. Henderson's idea.

We, the members of the orchestra, are especially grateful to Mr. Henderson for the time and energy that he has given to help make our orchestra a success, and we are assured that his work is much appreciated by all the members of the school.

Rifle Team

DAVID ROSE

ANDIDATES were called for in the early part of November. A large number reported at the first practice, and it was only after much hard work that a temporary team was chosen. Work soon began in earnest, and those who survived the elimination set out to acquire the skill and practice necessary to make up a successful team. We were indeed fortunate in having such veterans as Stover, Brooker and Bunker as our foundation. About the middle of January an election was held, at which Brooker was elected manager, and Storer captain. Later, Rose was appointed assistant manager.

The first match was held in January at Wakefield. Latin came second in the six schools represented. Then, owing to the instruction work, the team was temporarily disbanded. It did some creditable work, however, as instructors to the senior and junior cadets. In the end of March the instruction ended and we were able to pick up the broken threads. The team was soon in full sway again. A match against Harvard Freshmen resulted in a defeat by six points for us. This seemed only to stir the boys to a greater effort, and the team soon was shooting as never before.

Dame Fortune, however, seemed determined to smile the other way. Following a defeat at the hands of our rival school, English High, by four points, our captain, Stover, was stricken with heart trouble and was compelled to leave school. For a while it seemed as though this was the last straw, but the Latin School spirit shone through and above all. A return match with English resulted in another defeat, by one point, due to the fact that Stover was out and Bunker unable to compete.

However, looking back on the past season, we can readily see that a great deal has been accomplished. Considering that our best shot was out, the loss of two months, and only one practice week, we have had a wonderful season.

The best shots on the team were Stover, Brooker, Bunker and Crosby. Too much praise cannot be given to Noonan, who from a lad who had never done any shooting, developed into a real marksman, winning awards for the highest score of the day. Other men who showed up well were Kerr, Peterson, Cleary and Henry. Curtis also has been doing some enviable work.

Though we did not have a championship team this year, the foundation has been laid for one next year. Though not the first team, we are by no means the last in standing. Stover, Brooker, Curtis, Kerr, Noonan, Peterson, Henry and Crosby will return next September, and with these Latin should have a champion-ship year.





The Review of the 1919 Football Season

PARKER F. POND, MANAGER

When September, 1919, came upon us, we thought not only of the morn but also of school, and with school—football. Doubtless every one of the inexperienced fellows that came out last fall were asking their parents at that time if they might go out for football. Enthusiasm ran high, and ineligibility was a thing of the future. Coach O'Brien selected the Strandway Playground for practice this year, and I feel sure that every veteran was pleased at this because Columbus Ave. grounds, where our team practised last year, was covered with cinders which came from the neighboring railroad yards. After a shower and rub-down even, the fellows feel cinders on their bodies, much the way the soldiers did in the trenches.

The prospects of the season looked unusually bright, since sixteen letter men returned. Of these, two left school and four of the regulars of last year's team graduated. A meeting, which officially opened the season, was held Tuesday, September 9, but bad weather prevented practice till the following Monday. Diligent practice continued for two weeks, in which time Mr. O'Brien whipped into shape a team which defeated Groton School 14-13. This game occurred Saturday, September 27. Eighteen representatives of Latin School made the trip, including fourteen players, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Corson and the manager. Groton had a powerful team but had had only three days' practice and lacked coaching. Forward passes led to all of the touchdowns. For several years the score had been tie between these two schools; so in reality this victory became a double victory.

On Friday of the next week Latin School chalked up another victory to its credit by defeating St. Mark's School 9-0. Latin School played an exceedingly satisfactory game. Capt. Kiley then resigned and thus we had a new captain to lead our team to the next game. Ellis, on October 7, was elected captain, and on October 8, Latin School defeated Hyde Park High School 13-7. Captain Ellis was unable to play on account of an unjury received in a practice scrimmage. Hyde Park had a very peppy team, and they were much quicker than Latin School expected them to be. Our team was undoubtedly over-confident. Mr. O'Brien managed to send in several substitutes. Only four of our team played the whole game; they were: J. Doherty at end, Cleary at center, Phinny as tackle, and Johnstone, halfback.

The following Monday, Columbus Day, Latin School played Boston College High School at Fenway Park. It was a regular old-fashioned Columbus Day, because something was discovered. Latin School discovered that she would be defeated. Our team played a hard game but Boston College played harder. This was Latin School's only defeat of the season. Our team's faults came at vital times.

On Saturday, October 18, we played Medford on their grounds. I remember when I was going out to see that game I thought Latin School would lose again. Medford High's team had been cracked up in the dailies, and Medford had defeated some team that had defeated Boston College High; but Latin School played a different brand of football that day, and I think Medford was overconfident.



BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) COLTÓN, SCHEFFREEN, SAMUELS, BERMAN, BRUEN
3D ROW: PHINNEY, MCMILLAN, R. DOHERTY, HURLEY, STUART, KELLEY, HAILPARN
2D ROW: MR. O'BRIEN (coach), MALLEY, DONOVAN, H. ELLIS (capt.), P. CLEARY, CAMPBELL, POND (MGR.)
SITTING: RYAN, GORMAN

Both sides punted a great deal and both passed the next-to-last white line, but neither side scored.

After a week of practice our team played Weymouth High School on the Clapp Memorial Field, Weymouth. Weymouth deserves the utmost credit for the game she played. Latin School expected to play a crowd of hicks, but the hicks came near sliding the seeds of defeat down our players' necks.

The showing Weymouth High made was evidently just the thing to put fight into our team. The next game Latin School played was the defeat of Commerce by a score of 7 to 0. The game was played at Fenway Park, on November 3, and large numbers from both schools attended. Ellis scored the seven points for Latin by a touchdown and a goal from touchdown in the first period. The game was most exciting because several times each school approached the goal line. In the third period Ellis made a 70-yard run but on the third play after that Lundell of Commerce came back with a 30-yard gain. At the end of the second half Commerce was first down on our five-yard line. Everyone thought the score would be tied, but the Latin line did the stonewall trick and held them.

The Commerce game was the first of our city league games. All I can say is that our team made a good start for the championship. In fact, Latin School continued to go good after the start but slipped in the puddle Thanksgiving Day and so must be content with sharing championship honors with English High.

On the following Friday, November 7, Latin School played Quincy High at the Merrymount Park gridiron. Latin School rolled up a larger score at this game than at any other game so far. (I almost forgot the Mechanics Game). The best part of the Quincy game is the chance to work the subs before the last three important games.

One week after the Quincy game, Latin School played Dorchester at Fenway Park, in our second league game. The score was 7-0 in our favor. Dorchester had greatly improved during a week or two before our game. They played a very good game but not quite good enough. The game was very interesting, certain excellencies failing to show because of the slippery field. It was also a satisfactory game, but Latin should have made a larger score. Up to this point in the season the spirit was to make a touchdown as soon as possible and then keep the opposing team away from their own goal line.

The game on the following Friday, November 21, seemed to change this spirit, since Latin School rolled up a score of 55-0 over Mechanics Arts. Everyone of our squad that was present and in uniform, played. I remember once during the latter part of the game something which struck me as worthy of notice and funny, too. Little Milton Crook, as faithful in his practice as anyone of the regulars, suddenly dashed on the field, yelling to get the referee's attention. He finally got the referee to look down instead of around to find him and told the referee that he was replacing the quarter back, who would replace Ellis. When Ellis heard that, he smiled that smile of his and came trotting off. Milton thought it was funny, too, for he came near bungling the next play.

Our season ended with the English game on Thanksgiving Day. An excellent crowd attended, even though it had poured "cats and dogs in sheets" all the night before. Twenty players went into the game for Latin School. In looking

over the report of the game I think everybody agrees that Latin outplayed English. I should not attempt to go into the details as everybody interested has read the whole thing in dailies or otherwise. Ellis was the outstanding star. Because of the tie score 0-0, and since each school had defeated the other teams in the city league, the championship was undecided.

Every bit of praise that can be given is due to Captain Ellis. His playing during the season was excellent. The other three in this backfield deserve great credit also, for Johnstone, Doherty, and Samuels played well in every game.

Baseball, 1920

WILLIAM J. REYCROFT

THE Baseball Team, under the leadership of Captain Thomas Campbell, has started the season with fair prospects of repeating their 1919 championship. As yet the team has not been chosen permanently and probably will not be for some time. In the infield Captain Campbell at 1st base, Ryan at 2nd and Malley at shorstop are veterans who are reasonably sure of their places. Myron and Gorman are putting up a stiff battle for third base and both boys have the goods. Kane and Flynn are making these boys work to keep their positions and bid fair to become good players with a little more seasoning.

In the outfield Collins and R. Doherty are with us again and ought to better their 1919 form. "Stuffy" McInnes is a promising out-fielder who fits in well with the first two and who will, no doubt, make good this year. Glickman and Semonian are also good out-fielders and are forcing the others to display a fine brand of ball to hold their positions.

The catching position is between Samuels and O'Neal. Samuels has had the more experience, but O'Neal has the stuff, and the makings of a good catcher. It would not be surprising to see him win out before the season is over. Also, both boys are good out-fielders and strong batters and are an asset to the team.

The pitching staff is none too strong, but Cronin, Colton, Burns, and Koplow are all working hard to head the list. At present Cronin seems to be first choice, but the others are coming fast and all should be able to hold their own, as the team is fairly strong in batting power and should field well behind them.

Much credit is due Coach O'Brien for his earnest work this year which is going to be harder than usual. Also no one should forget the second or third teams—in fact any boy who is a candidate for the team. They all deserve mention for their work and some of them will cause changes in the first team's line-up before the season is over, perhaps.

Taken as a whole, the team is playing good ball and is striving with all its power to make a good showing. They are doing their best and deserve the hearty support and co-operation of every Latin School boy.

The Crew

FRANCIS W. SAUNDERS, MANAGER

For Boston Latin the rowing season started early in April. Renewed interest seemed to be displayed this year at the opening meeting. A hardy and rather exceptional squad of sailors turned out for the first practice. Coach Manning and Captain Strauss were more than pleased with the material. They were extremely fortunate in having plenty of veterans as well as a goodly supply of new applicants. Norman Stuart, captain of last year's crew, at once qualified for his old position at stroke. On stroke depends to a great degree the success of the boat. Stuart has had plenty of experience, being a veteran of several years' standing. Number three was the only position that did not have a veteran to fill it, and, as it demands a heavy oarsman, not many were fitted for the seat. Up to the present time Raymond Bunker has been ho'ding the position, and, for one who has had no previous experience in shell racing, has been doing well and bids fair to start in the final regatta. Cleary, although not having rowed for Latin before, is a veteran of the St. Alphonsus Boat Club. Not much is known to the school of his prowess in this line, except that Coach Manning has seen him row previously and was pleased that he was to report with this crew. Captain Strauss is also a veteran of last year's first boat, and, although of somewhat lighter build than the others, fills the bow admirably. All season he has set the example to the others by his steady determination to develop a winning boat. His rise to the captaincy was rather out of the ordinary. Practically a "green" man last year, he quickly became a promising parsman and with that same steady determination displayed this year, he won a position on the first boat and participated in the regatta. Certainly the whole squad will agree when we say that a wise choice has been made and that it will be no fault of his should the crew fail to win. Watson, coxswain of the second crew for two years, was to have piloted the first this year, but at the beginning of the season he was found to be over weight. Sullivan, another veteran, took his place, and is in every respect a worthy successor. He is a regular little slave driver, and his throaty bark may be heard across the intervening waters, urging on his galley slaves like the Romans of old.

The second crew, like the first, has a veteran to lead them at stroke. Norton rowed in the first boat in the regatta last year, and makes a most desirable leader for that crew. Scheffreen, a small but wiry oarsman, holds the bow, giving the necessary stability to that craft, having been a member of the same crew last year. There seems to be a see-saw struggle between Guild and Gallahue and Pond and Rice for the second and third positions, with Guild and Pond having a slight edge. Daley and Reilly, together with two from those just named, form the third boat, which Coach Manning decided to retain. Flynn, the second boat's coxswain, received a little experience last year, and with the passing of Watson followed Sullivan as skipper of that craft.

Unlike her sister sports, Crew has less glory and fully as much hard work. In football or baseball a man may be "benched," but in Crew, once the race is started, the aggregation must continue to the finish. It is an extremely delicate



(LEFT TO RIGHT) BOW, H. STRAUSS (CAPT.), 2 P. C. CLEARY, 3, R. T. BUNKER, STROKE, N. F. STUART COXSWAIN, F. SULLIVAN. (INSERT) F. W. SAUNDERS, MGR.

piece of work to select the correct combination, and it may at any time be changed. Very little out of the ordinary happens. The hard grind of every-day practice goes steadily on. Latin as a rule takes no interest in competition apart from the final regatta for the Keith Trophy, taking place on June 8 and 10 this year. is for this that they train so diligently, subordinating everything else. A few informal races have been held with sister crews of the same association. The second crew in a mile run easily defeated the Boston College High second crew, and in the same race held their own against the powerful Boston College High first crew. A week later the Boston Latin first boat pinned a decided defeat to the second crew, turning over some very fast time. A week and a half later a half-mile race was held with Cambridge Latin. The Cantabs showed us that the half mile was clearly not our distance, for after a slow start, in which Cambridge Latin gained two lengths of open water, the "Purple and White" oarsmen came so strong at the finish that the Cantabs barely crossed the line a winner. Boston Latin, while not being quite as speedy, showed that they had much more power than their rivals, a thing that will count materially in the final race.

Mr. Campbell, the faculty manager, has superintended the Crew with great care, as well as look ng out for our wants. Unfortunately an entire new set of oars was needed, but Mr. Campbell came to our rescue and saw that we were provided with the necessary equipment. He certainly keeps the interest up, and we wonder what the athletic teams would do without him.

If old tricky Dame Fortune keeps her fingers out of the pie, the first crew should give us the second leg on the Keith Trophy. This book will be in your hands several weeks after the regatta and the manager makes the prophecy that Boston Latin will lead her rivals across the finish line.

The Track Team

BERTRAM F. SCHEFFREEN, MANAGER

THE showing that the track team made in winning the third place in the regimental meet is a fitting climax of a season, the early outlook of which was far from promising. In spite of the fact that veteran material was lacking, the many boys who came out with the intention of making good, by dint of hard work and regular attendance, produced a team which was characteristic of Latin School.

Kenneth Rogers, an intermediate, was elected captain of the team; and it was unfortunate, indeed, that such a game lad should be forced, because of his youth, to enter an event in which he had never before participated, the "two-twenty."

Bunker, who had the makings of a runner but no experience, acquired enough knowledge of the finer points to enable him to land second place to Hussey of Hyde Park. The latter broke the record for the three-hundred.

Glickman is another runner who has earned special recognition. His steady running during the year ranks him as one of the best performers in school-boy circles.

Although it was the first time he had competed in the thousand, Ryan was able to take third place in the regimental meet. His case is a fine example of what a boy can do if he heeds the advice of his coach.



BACK ROW: GILSON, L. BUNKER, CAMPBELL, DALEY, W. J. SULLIVAN, SCHEFFREEN, (MGR.)
3D ROW: MYRON, HARRIS, CROSBY, MR. O'BRIEN (COACH), SAUNDERS, TODD, REYCROFT
2D ROW: HILL, RUSSMAN, HULL, K. ROGERS (CAPT.), GLICKMAN, KENNEDY, MORAHAN
SITTING: KROOK, ELTON, SAVA, O'BRIEN, LYONS

The relay team, of which Ellis, Glickman, Rogers, Hill and Bunker were members, was thrice victorious over our greatest rival, English High School. Though the last-named acted only in the capacity of substitute, he was pressed into service three times because of illness on the part of some other member, and each time he showed his worth by "coming through." The loss of Ellis and Hill was a hard blow to the team. If these two athletes had participated in the regimental meet, our chances of winning second place would have been materially increased.

Myron, Ellis, Reycroft and Harris were lads who competed in the hurdles, an event in which we were particularly strong. Unfortunately, Hull, who was the winner of the intermediate hurdles last year, was unable to compete this year because of illness. Owing to his inability to run, we lost a sure point-getter.

In the intermediate division, Kennedy, Burke, Semonian, Rogers, Russman, Nordberg and Harris were the outstanding stars, the performances of the last four being exceptionally brilliant.

The work of Saunders, Elton, Krook and Goldberg stood out prominently in the junior division.

Turning to the field events, we find that Gilson, Daley, Kennedy and Burke were our noteworthy representatives in the high jump. Gilson is a lad from whom we may expect to hear in the future. In the broad jump, the performances of Koplow and W. J. Sullivan were high class, while in the shotput, the work of Donovan, R. Doherty, Nordberg, Todd and Krook was highly creditable.

We are all glad to see that Saunders, because of his persistent effort, was awarded the coveted "L."

· With Glickman, Gilson, Harris, Hill, Hull, Lombard, Myron, Crosby and Nordberg back for next year, Mr. O'Brien will have a fine nucleus around which to build a strong team.

Sport Summaries

N. F. STUART

A STHE end of this school year comes near, let us touch upon the success with which the various teams of Latin School have met. Never in this school's history have so many hard-working boys tried to do their part in school athletics. The result is that very few years, if any, have been more successful than this. This is not only due to the athletes, but also to Coach O'Brien and those members of the school who, although unfit to be participants in any sport, have given their greatest support to the great causes. A decided interest in sports has arisen among the members of the Senior Class, since they were given their choice of drilling or participating in some sport. Very few realized the fine material in this class until the boys were ordered to do one of the two things. As one may judge, boys who are about to graduate do not relish the idea of carrying a gun on their shoulders and feeling ungainly and awkward; so they preferred to make themselves useful to the school by coming out for athletics. Let us hope that the interest shown throughout the school will not die out but will grow greater by leaps and bounds as time goes on.

Football

FEW days after the reopening of the school last September, a football meeting was held. A very large squad was present and the prospects were very bright. Practice was held daily at the Strandway Playground. Here Coach O'Brien taught his charges the rudiments of the game. He was assisted by Kiley, who was then captain of the team. Veteran material seemed very numerous, as there were thirteen letter men who were again desirous of winning their "L's." Although these "old timers" had experience, it was quickly shown that they must fight every inch of the way to make the team a second year. An unfortunate incident deprived us of our captain, and Ellis, one of the best athletes that the high schools have ever had, was unanimously elected to fill that office. The first three games resulted in victories for Latin School. In these games our coach could get a line on the players. The real test came against Boston College High. Latin lost this game the last minute of play by a fumble, which anyone is liable to make. In the next game against Medford High, the team seemed to get together and held our strong opponents to a 0-0 tie. At Weymouth, Latin School was victorious over the local eleven. The game that was perhaps looked forward to more than any other, with the possible exception of the game with our sister school. English High, was a victory for Boston Latin School over the High School of Commerce. Captain Ellis was the star of the game and those who were present to see his fine playing will remember it for a long time to come. After defeating Quincy High by a large score, our team seemed to take a slump against Dorchester High. The next game Latin School won easily. The final and greatest game of the year resulted in a 0-0 tie between English High School and our school. Thus the season ended, the team having won eight games, tied two, and lost one. This is more than a creditable showing and the football team of 1919 was considered tied for the championship with English High School. The outlook for a good team next year is excellent, as five of the letter men of this year's team intend to return to school. To Captain-elect Doherty we can only wish the best of good fortune and luck.

Track

T THE close of the football season the attentions of all boys were given to track. At the meetings many ambitious boys reported, but it did seem that very few of these were present at the daily practice. Having as a basis for a good track team many letter men from last year, Coach O'Brien set about his task of making a good track team. Rogers was elected to lead the runners, and this choice was the best. He had worked hard and faithfully for several years past and surely deserved this honor. In the most important meet of the season, the Annual Meet of the Track and Field League of the Boston High Schools, Latin School was third with 38 points. Had the junior division representing this school been stronger, we should have given the school considered the champion a closer battle for the honors. On the track team there were several men besides Captain Rogers who deserve much credit. Bunker, who won second place in the Regimental

Meet, was always a hard and consistent runner and had few equals in the high schools. Glickman, Myron, and Ryan worked hard all season and enough praise cannot be bestowed upon them. The outlook for a good outdoor track team and for a good team next year is very bright indeed. As yet a captain has not been elected but we know that whoever he may be that he will lead a team that will uphold the well-known reputation and traditions of this school.

One of the greatest achievements of the season by members of the track team from this school was that they won the championship in the two-lap relay race. This race was held at the East Armory. The members of this team were Glickman, Bunker, Ellis and Hill. This thrilling race will stay in the minds of many for some time. Although not so successful, the members of the other relay teams representing this school worked hard and earnestly. This year's track team was one of the best that ever represented this school. Let every boy go out for this very benefitting sport next year and try to bring the wreath of victory to the school for the first time.

Baseball

HE baseball team has started its journey towards another championship. The road looks bright, as many of last year's veterans are again available. With Captain Campbell as the team's leader, we may expect one of the best teams that has ever represented this school. Besides Captain Campbell we have Malley, captain of last year's team, again playing on the team. He was considered one of the most natural ball players in the high school since the time of Fred Maguire, a graduate of this school. His playing has at all times been of very high class. The only great weakness seems to be in the pitching staff, and let us hope that this most important position can be filled by boys who are both willing workers and good pitchers. As yet we are unable to determine the outcome of the race for the city high school championship, but are sure that Latin School will be first or very near the top after having given a very creditable showing.

HYDE PARK HIGH 0

B. L. S. 8

At the Stony Brook Reservation, Latin School defeated Hyde Park High on April 15. The score was 8 to 0, so one may judge that our players did not have to exert themselves very much. Burns, who pitched for Latin School, allowed only one hit in seven innings. Colton, who then took up the slab duty, was touched up for two hits. Malley, with two hits, was the high batter. The team as a whole played good ball, having made no errors. Coach O'Brien put many substitutes into the game and was very much pleased with their showing. Hussey, the Hyde Park pitcher, was knocked out of the box. This speaks well for the Latin School téam, as Hussey is considered one of the best twirlers in the Boston High Schools

Latin School Register 69

The summary:

HYDE PARK HIG	Н	SC	HC	OL	,	BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL
AB						AB R H PO A E
		0	0	3	0	O'Neal, l. f 5 1 0 2 1 0
Horan, s. s 4			_	_	_	Ryan, 2 b 4 1 1 1 2 0
Yule, l. f 4	0	0	0	0	1	Malley, s. s 5 0 2 1 3 0
Boyd, c 4	0	2	11	1	0	Samuels, c 4 1 1 11 1 0
Hussey, p 2	0	1	0	5	0	Campbell, 1 b 5 1 0 10 0 0
Elliot, 1. f 4	0	0	10	0	0	Koplow, c. f 3 2 0 0 0 0
Fryberg, c. f 2		0	4	0	1	Gorman, 3 b 2 1 1 1 2 0
				_	_	Collins, r. f 4 0 0 0 0 0
Fogg, 2 b 2	U	0	0	0	0	Burns, p 2 1 0 0 1 0
Gransom, r. f 2	0	0	0	0	1	Flynn, 2 b 1 0 1 1 0 0
Willard, 3 b 2	0	0	1	1	1	Robinson, l. f 1 0 0 0 0 0
Ferberg, p 2	0	0	0	1	0	Doherty, c. f 1 0 0 0 0 0
Roman, 2 b 1		0	1	0	0	Myron, 3 b 1 0 0 0 1 0
Early, r. f		0	0	0	0	McGuinness, r. f 0 0 0 0 0 0
			_	_	_	Kane, s. s 0 0 0 0 1 0
Bowles, 3 b 1	0	0	0	0	0	Colton, p 1 0 0 0 1 0
******	-	-			_	
Totals31	0	3	27	11	4	Totals 39 8 6 27 13 0

Runs: O'Neal, Ryan, Samuels, Campbell, Koplow 2, Gorman, Burns. Two-base hit: Ryan. Three-base hit, Hussey. Stolen base: Ryan, Malley. Base on balls: Off Burns, 1; Hussey, 2. Struck out: By Burns, 6; Colton, 4; Hussey, 7; Fryberg, 3. Hit by pitched ball: By Hussey, Koplow. Time, two hours, fifteen minutes. Umpire, Ross.

THAYER ACADEMY 6

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 0

On April 24, our baseball team journeyed to Braintree to play Thayer Academy. The latter team won by the score of 6 to 0. The wildness of the Latin pitchers in the first inning started the scoring for our opponents and at the close of the first inning the score stood 2 to 0 in favor of Thayer Academy. Cronin, who pitched after the first inning, played a good game. The team did not seem to be working as well as it did against Hyde Park. Barrows held the Latin hitters to two hits.

The summary:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Thayer	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	06

Runs made by Lyons, Holbrook, Nichols 2, Walker. Three-base hit, Nichols. Stolen base, McDonald. Base on balls, by Barrows, 2, by Cronin, 4. Struck out, by Barrows, 7; by Cronin, 3. Time: One hour forty-five minutes. Umpire, Delaney.

MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL 2 BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 5

At the Strandway Playgrounds, South Boston, Latin School defeated, on April 27, the Mechanic Arts High nine by the score of 5 to 2. Up to the sixth inning the teams were tie with the score one all. Here Latin School took a brace and drove across two runs, while Mechanics drove across one in their half of the frame. In the eighth inning by bunching hits our players again scored two runs. There was no scoring by either team in the ninth.

Cronin pitched a fine game for our school, only four hits being made off him, he striking out eleven of our opponents.

The summary:

Innings	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston Latin School0	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0-5
Mechanic Arts High School0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	02

Runs made: By O'Neal, Campbell, McInnes, Gorman, Samuels, Sweeney, Gowdy. Errors made: By Malley, Roth, Gahm, Lamont 2. Stolen base: Gowdy. Base on balls: By Cronin 2, by Lamont 2. Struck out: By Cronin 11, by Lamont 8. Time two hours fifteen minutes. Umpire, Ross.

* * * * *

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH SCHOOL 12 BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 6

At the Ronan Memorial Park, on April 30, Boston College High School defeated Boston Latin School by the score of 12 to 6. In this game it was evident that the pitching staff of our school was very weak and needed to work harder. Boston College High started by scoring three runs in the first inning. This early start seemed to take the heart out of our players, and the team as a whole played very loose ball. Cassell of B. C. H., who pitched for five innings, was touched up for only four hits. Lanigan, Walsh and Wilson also starred for the winners.

The summary:

Innings 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston College High School	0	3	4	0	1	0	1	0-12
Boston Latin School	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	2-6

Runs made: By Lanigan 2, Haley 3, McManus 3, Mooney 3, Wilson, Ryan 2, Gorman 2, Collins 2. Errors made: By Cody 2, Walsh, Allendorf 3, Ryan, Campbell, Malley. Two-base hits: Lanigan, Walsh, Wilson, Haley 2. Three-base hit: McManus. Stolen bases: Haley, Cassell, Mooney 2, Myron. Sacrifice hits: Mooney, McDonald. Base on balls: By Burns 2, by Cronin 2, by Sepka 4. Struck out: By Cassell 6, by Cronin 7. Passed ball: Mooney. Hit by pitched ball: By Cronin, Mooney. Time two hours ten minutes. Umpire, McGuinness.

BROCKTON HIGH SCHOOL 6

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

At Brockton on May 7 our baseball team was defeated by Brockton High School by the score of 6 to 2. Our opponents had two big innings in which they scored six runs. The Latin School players seemed to have a slump in their stick work, for they could only make four hits.

The summary:

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brockton High School0	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	06
Boston Latin School0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1-2

Errors: Triggs, Frazega 2, Campbell, Myron. Two-base hit: Frazega. Three-base hit: Doherty. Stolen bases: Moniewiez 2, Braley, Howard, Frazega. Double play: Brennan to Heath. First base on balls: Off Burns 2, off Cronin 2, off Triggs 1. Hit by pitcher: By Burns, Lamontagne. Struck out: By Burns 3, by Cronin 3, by Triggs 6. Wild pitches: Triggs 2, Cronin. Passed balls: Brennan, O'Neil.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL 4

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 2

The annual game between our great rival, English High School, and Latin School, was played at Ronan Park on May 11. The result was a win for our opponent by the score of 4 to 2. Cronin of our school pitched a good game against Burke. One of the features of the day was a triple by Doherty of our school when two of our players were on base. The playing of both teams was good, when we take into consideration the bad weather with which they had to contend.

Among the stars of the game were four former Latin School students—Kiley, Finnegan, Doherty and Burke. They played fine ball, as did Burke, the E. H. S. pitcher, who played one of the best games of his career.

For Latin School Doherty was the star with three hits to his credit. Samuels, also of Latin School, was the only other man to reach first base by getting a hit.

The summary:

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
English High School1	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0-4
Boston Latin School0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	02

Runs made: By O'Neil, Samuels, Holsberg, Spillane, D. Doherty 2. Three-base hit: R. Doherty. Stolen bases: R. Doherty 2. Base on balls: By Cronin 2, by Burke 3. Struck out: By Cronin 5, by Burke 9. Time, two hours ten minutes. Umpire, McGuinness.

GROTON SCHOOL 6

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 5

At Groton on May 15 Latin School suffered another defeat at the hands of the local school. Up to the end of the seventh inning the game looked like ours, but here Norris of Groton School hit a home run with a man on third base. This spelled defeat for Latin School. Ryan, Malley and O'Neil played their usual good game for our team. Norris, Dibble and Clark were the stars on our opponents' team.

The summary:

Innings1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Groton	3	0	0	0	1	0	2	06
Boston Latin School0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	05

Runs made: By Dibble, Norris 2, Hollister, Chauncey, Princhon, Malley, Campbell, Samuels, Collins, Gorman. Two-base hits: Dibble, O'Neil. Three-base hits: Wheelock, Norris. Home run: Norris. Stolen bases: Pynchon,

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Hollister, Malley, Collins. Sacrifice hits: Gardner, Norris. Base on balls: By Hollister 3. Struck out: By Hollister 2, by Ashburn 5, by Koplow 4, by Cronin. Double play: Morris and Norris. Time, two hours. Umpire, McGrail.

The loss of Burns, one of our pitchers, because of water on the knee, has been keenly felt by the baseball team. We all wish him a very speedy recovery.

Sport Notes

At a meeting of the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association on May 10, the drawings for the trials of the annual Keith Memorial Trophy race, which is to be held on June 8, were as follows:

First Heat

English High, wall; Brookline High, 2; Huntington School, 3; Boston Latin, 4.

Second Heat

Boston College High, wall; Commerce, 2: Rindge Tech, 3: Cambridge Latin, 4. In the first heat Boston Latin and Boston English High are picked to qualify for the finals on June 10, while Boston College High and Cambridge Latin School are picked as winners in the second heat.

The members of this school who have won their "L's" in the various branches of sports during the school year 1919-1920 are:

Football—Captain Ellis, Berman, Bruen, Campbell, Cleary, Colton, Doherty, Donovan, Gorman, Hailparn, Hurley, Johnstone, Kelley, Malley, McMillan, . Phinney, Ryan, Samuels, Scheffreen, Stuart and Pond (manager).

Track—Captain Rogers, Bunker, Crosby, Daley, Ellis, Gilson, Glickman, Harris, Hill, Koplow, Lombard, Myron, Nordberg, Reycroft, Russman, Ryan, Saunders and Scheffreen (manager).

Crew—Captain Strauss, Bunker, Cleary, Stuart and F. Sullivan.



The Prize Drill

We do not know whether the date of our Prize Drill, the 13th of May, had any connection with the weather for that date or not, but suspicions are rife, for a steady drizzling rain accompanied our youthful army on its way both to and from the East Armory, where the drill was held. The hour was changed from 1 P. M., when the drilling commenced last year, to 9:30 A. M. It is our opinion that the bulk of the cadet body approves the change, making Prize Drill day more like other school days, one of which it really is.

The prize-winning companies were as follows: First Prize, Company C, Captain Francis S. King; Second Prize, Company B, Captain Joseph Schneider; Second Battalion Prize, Company G, Captain George M. Jackson; Third Battalion Prize, Company O, Captain Benjamin Russman.

The lucky officers were awarded the coveted flags for the last time, since the custom of distributing silk banners has been abolished because of their high cost. We were just wondering how the engraved certificate, which is to be substituted. can be placed on the end of the gun of the second sergeant of the prize-winning company, and make the boys following behind it just a little bit more pleased with themselves.

The Drum Corps, as usual, gave a fine exhibition. The Drumming Prize was awarded to George P. Rupert, Jr., and the Bugling Prize to Silberman.

The Drum Corps

RICHARD H. TUSON, DRUM MAJOR

The Drum Corps at the beginning of the year 1919 underwent a reorganization. Lieutenant Roach of the Yankee Division, a man of remarkable musical ability, assumed the management of this body. New bugle and drum pieces were taught and one of the bugle flourishes consisted of a French fanfare. In addition to the maneuvers employed in recent years a mass formation was very successfully introduced, which was not exceedingly difficult to perform, but appeared very spectacular, as it was entirely different from the other maneuvers.

Of the fifty boys who presented themselves in the early part of the term, only thirty-seven remain. Many were obliged to leave, some owing to various infirmities, and others because of scholastic difficulties, but on the prize drill floor an exhibition was given which was perfect in every particular. I wish to extend my hearty thanks not only to Lieutenant Roach, who was chiefly responsible for the success it attained, but also to the sergeants and the boys themselves whose marching and playing were faultless.

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I wish the succeeding drum major the best of luck in his management of the corps; and let every member of this body give the best that is in him and uphold the traditions of the Latin School as his older brothers have done.

Roster of Second Regiment

Colonel Francis S. King Jr.
Lieut. Colonel Joseph Schneider
Rgt. Adjutant Laurence E. Bunker
Rgt. Com'y Hellmuth Strauss
Aide Frank R. Sweeney
Aide Bertram F. Scheffreen
Aide Robert J. Mansfield
Aide Bertram P. Hebenstreit
Aide David Rose
Drum Major Richard H. Tuson
Rgt. Color Sergeant Robert Bond

Hirst Battalion

Major Robert M. Morrison Adjutant Clarence J. Burns

COMPANY A Captain Maurice L. Carroll Jr. Lieutenant Mark Weisberg Lieutenant Arnold P. Beverage

COMPANY B
Captain Edward L. Lane
Lieutenant Harold I. Bennett
Lieutenant Everett H. Lane

COMPANY C
Captain Leo Shubow
Lieutenant Alfred E. Shea
Lieutenant Abraham M. Helman

COMPANY D
Captain Lyman B. Owen
Lieutenant Arthur M. Bon
Lieutenant Myron S. Silbert

Second Battalion

Major George M. Jackson Adjutant John Semonian

COMPANY E

Captain John Manning Lieutenant William E Collins Jr. Lieutenant Thomas F. Eustace

COMPANY F

Captain Parker F. Pond Lieutenant Arthur C. Hill Jr. Lieutenant Francis M. Corliss

COMPANY G

Captain John L. Hewing Lieutenant Louis Weschler Lieutenant Hyman H. Rudofsky

COMPANY H

Captain Samuel H. Segool Lieutenant Geroge W. G. Brooker Lieutenant Winthrop H. Rice

COMPANY I

Captain Eugene C. Glover Lieutenant Milton I. Glickman Lieutenant Edward J. Gorfinkle

Third Battalion

Major Benjamin Russman Adjutant Joseph L. Kennedy

COMPANY K

Captain Raymond T. Bunker Lieutenant William E. Wickham Lieutenant Joseph K. Collins

COMPANY L

Captain Francis C. Cleary Lieutenant William J. Reycroft Lieutenant Henry E. Halloran

COMPANY M

Captain Roger C. Noyes Lieutenant Carl T. Crosby Lieutenant Charles T. Hurley

COMPANY N

Captain Edward J, Norris Jr. Lieutenant Hubert T. Holland Acting Lieutenant James S. Sullivan

COMPANY O

Captain Paul Tamer Lieutenant Harry Freeman Lieutenant Arthur B. Brown

Class Alphabet

LYMAN B. OWEN

"A" is for algebra, which we all like,

"B" is for "books"; from them we'll soon hike,

"C" is for "crew," the sport of the season,

"D" is for "drill,"—that stands without reason,

"E" means "English," the joy of our days,

"F" stands for "French"; it charms us always,

"G" is for "Greek" and Homeric life,

"H" is for "Helen," the cause of the strife,

"I" stands for "Ink," which all students use,

"J" stands for "Juniors," who'll soon fill our shoes,

"K" is for "knowledge"; have we attained it?

"L" is for Latin; slam him who named it!

"M" is "Math." the marks are so low.

"N" stands for "nothing"—that's what we all know,

"O" means "objections"—we're made them enough

"P" is for "Physics" and that sort of stuff,

"Q" means "questions" that teachers can make,

"R" means "Rifle Team," not quite a fake,

"S" is for "sharks"; they belong in the sea,

"T" means those "tests" of the charming "used-to-be."

"U" is "Ulysses"; in Greek he could lie,

"V" is "vacation," that soon passes by,

"W" means "work," which often we hate,

"X" could mean "Xenophon"; he's not "of late,"

"Y" is just "YOU"; success lies therein,

"Z" means "Zeros"; they've sure made us thin.



Public Declamation

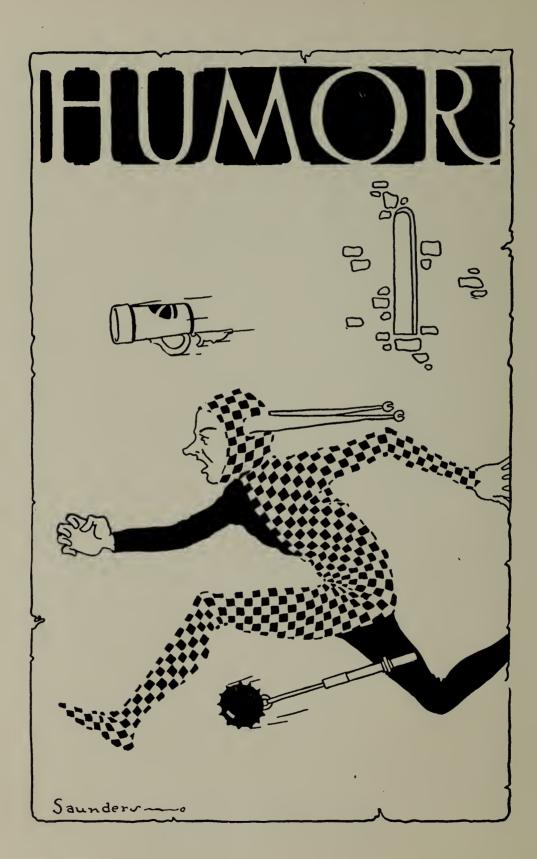
JOSEPH SCHNEIDER

E HAVE witnessed five declamations this school year which, to the writer's mind, were both interesting and enjoyable.

We were fortunate this year in having several good pianists whose music showed artistic temperament and musical ability to no small degree, and it is the general opinion of the school that the efforts of Francis King and Laurence E. Bunker were of the highest order and were appreciated as such. It is to be regretted indeed that, as the year progressed, it became evident that we were not to enjoy a violin solo this year, as the violinists of some previous years have been a source of ecstasy.

The speaking in general this year has been praiseworthy, and the efforts and sincerity of the boys are laudable indeed. The ratings received by Daley, Robinson and Russman show clearly that success will most likely smile upon these speakers on Prize Declamation Day in the form of the much-coveted regular prizes, not necessarily in the order named, but as their competency shall merit. The kind of declamation chosen this year has been anything but classical for the most part, and this fact ought not to be overlooked by the faculty; for without the works of the great poets and statesmen the public declamations lose both in their purpose and their charm.

The fact that the number of classical pieces is dwindling is (begging the pardon of our most indulgent teachers) the fault of our instructors, for they do not reward a competitor who speaks something of a weighty nature as highly as they do one who speaks a selection of an entertaining quality. This truth is soon learned by those interested in public declamation and as a consequence they avoid speaking the exquisitely poetic extracts from Shakespeare and Milton, but choose something pertaining to mirth and hilarity. In the six years that the writer has been interested in the declamations of this school, he has noticed that each year the kind of speaking changes ever so slightly and that the relative abilities of the school's speakers in 1920 as compared with the abilities of the speakers of 1914 are slightly inferior. It may be that if the boys were advised to select the hardest selections, they would in the end be much better speakers and thereby bring our standard of former years back. If we scan the programs of the public declamations of 1915, we notice that there are a large number of selections from the following authors: Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, Shakespeare, Milton, Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Henry, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and many others whose names will live forever as the greatest in literature, and I cannot understand why the speakers will choose, and the masters countenance, selections that smack so strongly of mediocrity when there are many bright gems of literature to the found at all our libraries. If the writer may be allowed his humble opinion, he would give this admonition; "Let there be only classical pieces hereafter"; and the reason is obvious,



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Edited and compiled by divers gentlemen whose names also appear in the following. It has been our purpose solely to raise a laugh at your expense and incidentally at our own. If you feel foolish look at your neighbor. With best wishes for a hearty laugh,

We remain

The same divers gentlemen.

Adams—And seem to walk on wings and tread in air.—Pope.

Badlian—Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.—Shakespeare.

Baldi—He is of a very melancholy disposition.—Shakespeare.

Barry—I live in the crowd of jollity.—Johnson.

Burns—Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.—Spenser.

Beverage—Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.—Shakespeare.

Bunker, L. E.—Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever contrary.

-Middleton

Bunker, R. T.—Above the smoke and stir.—Milton.

Bertman—I know a hawk from a handsaw.—Shakespeare.

Blandford—Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.—Psalms.

Bolonsky—Deep calleth unto deep.—Psalms.

Bon—For my part getting up seems not so easy.—Hood.

Bond—Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?—Rowe.

Carroll—All nature wears one universal grin.—Fielding.

Cleary, F. C.—Here's metal more attractive.—Shakespeare.

Cleary, P. C.—A parlous boy.—Shakespeare.

Colton—But for my own part it was Greek to me.—Shakespeare.

Colleran—A little too wise they say, do ne'er live long.—Middleton.

Conlin—My lovely living boy.—Du Bartas.

Campbell—A bold bad man.—Spenser.

Collins—Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.—Shakespeare.

Donovan—You stand in your own light.—Heywood.

Daley—As merry as the day is long.—Shakespeare.

Dalton—For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot—Shakespeare.

Donahue—Though angel on the outward side.—Shakespeare.

Downey—He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—Franklin.

Ein—Better late than never.—Heywood.

Eustace—A penny for your thoughts.—Swift.

Finn—Without thee we are poor.—Cowper.

Farnsworth—Thought the moon was made of green cheese.—Rabelais.

Forte—Every why hath a wherefore.—Shakespeare.

Follen—A high hope for a low heaven.—Shakespeare.

Fardon—They spare the rod and spoyle the child.—Venning.

Freeman—I bear a charmed life.—Shakespeare.

Gordon—'T would a saint provoke.—Shakespeare.

Gushee—He is the very pine-apple of politeness.—Sheridan.

Gorman—Out of too much learning become mad?—Burton.

Glover—Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.—Shakespeare.

Grady—Bid me discourse. I will enchant thine ear.—Shakespeare.

Helman—A fig for care and a fig for woe.—Heywood.

Hailparn—An idolent vacuity of thought.—Cowper.

Hughes—Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.—Shakespeare.

Hebenstreit—O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo!—Shakespeare.

Howe—Push on, — keep moving.—Morton.

Hirsh—Not if I know myself at all.—Lamb.

Holland—Sighed and looked unutterable things.—Thomson.

Hallett—For e'en though vanquished he could argue still.—Goldsmith.

Harnedy—I'll drown my book.—Shakespeare.

Jackson—And still they gaz'd and still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew.—Goldsmith.

Jacobs—A progeny of learning.—Sheridan.

Johnson—One eare it heard at the other out it went.—Chaucer.

Kozol—Alas poor Yorick.—Shakespeare.

Kisloff—A rolling stone gathers no moss.—Syrus.

Kennedy—Abash'd the devil stood.—Milton.

King—He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.—Shakespeare.

Koplow—Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look.—Shakespeare.

Lane, E. H. and Lane, E. L.—There be the great Twin Brethren.—Macaulay. Levinson—That latin was no more difficile, than to a black-bird t'is to whistle.

—Butler.

Langsam—Always in the wrong.—Dryden.

Mansfield, R. J. and Mansfield, W. R.—Two heads are better than one.

—Heywood.

Morrison—Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.—Spenser.

McInnes—We would and we would not.—Shakespeare.

Malley—Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?—Middleton.

Muchnick—It will discourse most eloquent music.—Shakespeare.

Miller—He multiplieth words without knowledge.—Job.

Manning—I am as sober as a judge.—Fielding.

McDonough.—He was so generally civil that no one thanked him for it.

—Johnson.

MacMillan—The Frenchman's darling.—Cowper.

McCaffrey—Let the world slide, let the world go.—Heywood.

Narbut—His bark is worse than his bite.—Herbert.

Norris-Though I am young I scorn to flit, on the wings of borrowed wit.

—Wither.

Noves—Stands not within the prospect of belief.—Shakespeare.

Owen—As sweet and musical as bright Apollo's lute.—Shakespeare.

O'Hearn—Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod.—Pope.

O'Connor—Cudgel thy brains no more about it.—Shakespeare.

O'Keefe—A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn.—Coleridge.

Pond— I am not in the roll of common men.—Shakespeare.

Phinney—He went away with a flea in's ear.—Fletcher.

Rupert—Abide with me from morn till eve, for without thee I cannot live.

-Kebl

Rooney—Those that are above business.—Henry.

Russman—And panting time toiled after him in vain.—Johnson.

Russell—What will Mrs. Grundy say?—Morton.

Rosenberg—Nothing is but what is not.—Shakespeare.

Rose—He wears the rose of youth upon him.—Shakespeare.

Revcroft—Turn over a new leaf.—Middleton.

Rogers—Small Latin and less Greek.—Jonson.

Rudofsky—Oh that I had wings like a dove!—Psalms.

Ryan—He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel.—Henry.

Segal—Hark from the tombs a doleful sound.—Watts.

Schneider—I am monarch of all I survey.—Cowper.

Saunders— I was not born under a rhyming planet.—Shakespeare.

Sackenofsky—Phoebus! what a name!—Byron.

Silbert—I am Sir Oracle and when I ope my lips let no dog bark.—Shakespeare.

Shea—The blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare.—Shakespeare.

Segool—You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?—Sheridan.

Stuart—Deeds, not words.—Fletcher.

Strauss-Whistle and she'll come to you.-Fletcher.

Sullivan, J.—Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.—Proverbs.

Shubow—For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the May—Tennyson.

Sweeney—Handsome is that handsome does.—Goldsmith.

Smith—Young fellows will be young fellows.—Bickerstaff.

Scheffreen—Season your admiration for a while.—Shakespeare.

Sullivan, J. T.—O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird.—Wordsworth.

Scigliano—A mother's pride, a father's joy.—Scott.

Stearns—In the name of the prophet—figs!—Smith.

Tuson—Great wits jump.—Sterne.

Tamer—This was a good week's labor.—Middleton.

Whittaker—Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk.—Lee.

Whalen—Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.—Goldsmith.

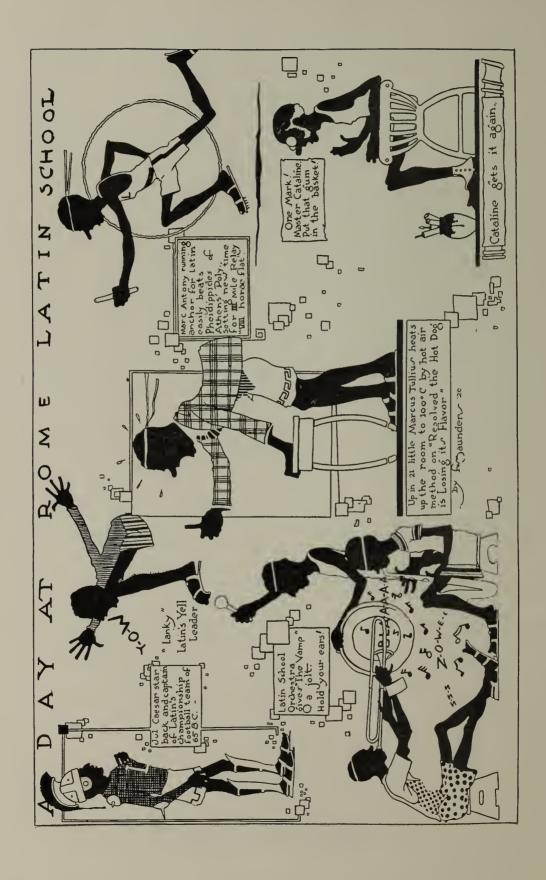
Walsh—Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—Shakespeare.

White—Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.

Weisberg—A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.—Shakespeare.

Zottoli—Though last not least in love.—Shakespeare.





Class Will

Latin School, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills and codicils by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral expenses, we give, devise and bequeath, as follows:

FIRST: We give and bequeath our right of acquiring misdemeanor marks by reason of deportment, tardiness, or any other cause to the entering classes, namely, the Fourth and Sixth Classes entering in the fall of 1920, in that they make use of the aforementioned right in one day.

SECOND: We give and bequeath all our printed translations known as trots, aids, ponies, or whatnots to Class III, otherwise known as Sophomores, inasmuch as the said class, due to its advanced work, will have such need. The aforementioned bequest must be executed at any arranged time such that the masters, teachers, or anyone else not in sympathy with the use of the said trots, aids, ponies, or whatnots, shall not be at hand.

THIRD: We, the members on the *Register*, representing Class I, do give, devise and bequeath the room in which the said paper holds its editorial offices, otherwise known as the "Sanctum," to the members now representing Class II, who in the fall of 1920 shall enter Class I, namely the aforementioned room, the "Sanctum," together with one battered desk, one two-legged bottomless chair, one wobbly armchair wherein sits the head of the said publication, one section of window pole, one closet with countless disarranged issues of the said publication, one leaky gas jet, one rug devoid of all color, luster or shape, residing formerly in the Headmaster's office, and lastly, one over-flowing waste-paper basket.

FOURTH: We give and bequeath one leather-bound copy of "How to Ditch" to the Juniors on condition only that each member of the said class learns or commits to memory a certain portion or portions of said book.

FIFTH: All the rest, residue, and remainder of our chewing gum, real, personal, and mixed, of every brand and size, wherever situated or being, of which we shall leave seized or possessed, or over which we shall have any power of appointment or control at the time of our leaving, we give, devise, and bequeath to the Juniors, Class II, of the Boston Latin School aforesaid, to have and to chew but not to swallow, to them and their successors and assigns forever, but in trust nevertheless, for the uses and purposes hereinafter expressed, and to and for no other uses or purposes whatsoever—that is to say, in trust, that they shall remove from the bottom of the seats, chew, manage, invest, and improve the aforementioned gum to their best skill and judgment and with full power and authority, free and discharged of all trusts, to replace, assign, convey, exchange, or otherwise dispose of said gum—except swallow—at public auction or private sale for re-use, at such time or times as to them shall seem wise, and without license from the Headmaster or any other master having jurisdiction in the premises, for such price and upon

such terms and conditions as they shall deem best, and to invest the proceeds from any such sale or sales in any new or second-hand brand, or both, as they may deem expedient, and again to chew, assign, convey, mortgage, exchange, or otherwise dispose of such real or personal gum as may be so purchased by them, the proceeds to replace upon the bottoms of any chair or chairs they see fit, and so from time to time alter and change the residence of the said gum as they may deem advisable, having always more regard to the security of the chewing gum and the certainty of the supply thereof, than to the large size or amount of the said gum; with full power to work their jaws up and down or from side to side upon said gum and to deliver or exchange all amount or amounts, kind or brand of every size or description.

No remover, chewer, or replacer dealing with said trustees shall be answerable for the application of said chewing gum received by said trustees.

We hereby give to any successor to the trustees herein named the same power and authority as to our said trustees herein named over said gum.

Said trustees are to chew the net supply of said gum daily, hourly, or at such time or place as they shall deem advisable, to themselves, the said Juniors, Class II, and if at any time the supply from said gum is not sufficient for said Juniors, Class II, to chew as they have been accustomed, we hereby give said trustees full discretion, authority, and power to use any wad or the entire supply of wads for such purpose.

SIXTH: Upon the death (non-graduation) of the said Juniors, Class II, part, parts, or entire, the wads of chewing gum remaining in their hands as trustees as aforesaid, shall thereupon be distributed as follows:

- 1st. We direct that the amount of One Thousand wads of aforementioned chewing-gum be given to the Sophomores, Class III, to be known as the Hailparn-Collins Supply, the amount thereof to be chewed daily by said Sophomores, Class III, for the enjoyment and music of said class.
- 2d. We direct that the balance of said wads of chewing gum be held in trust by our trustee hereinafter named, and that said trustee shall loan the same to the Freshmen, Class IV, during the term of their natural life, who shall make use of said gum daily, hourly or more frequently, as they, the said Freshmen, Class IV, shall deem advisable.
- 3d. Upon the death (non-graduation) of said Freshmen, Class IV, we direct that the trust supply remaining at that time together with any amount or amounts which have accrued, which shall not have been overchewed, shall be distributed free and clear from all trusts, in equal parts, to Class V, or the survivor or survivors of them, to have and to hold said gum for mastication purposes only, to them and to their heirs and assigns forever.

We hereby nominate and appoint said Juniors, Class II, to be the executors of this our last will and testament, and hereby request that they be not exempt from giving any surety or sureties of swallowing said wads of gum either as executors or trustees hereunder, and upon the death (non-graduation) of the said Juniors, Class II, or in the event of their not undertaking or performing, for any reason,

the duties imposed upon them by this will, we hereby nominate, and appoint Albert Hailparn, in said County of Suffolk, to be our executor and trustee, hereunder, with the same duties, powers, privileges of also enjoying the chewing gum with said jaws and exemptions as are herein given to said Juniors, Class II.

Executed at Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, this 32d day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty, B. C. (Signed) CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY.

Then the above-named Seniors, Class I, signed, published, and declared the foregoing instrument as and for their last will and testament in our presence, who, in their presence, at their request, and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as attesting witnesses, at Boston aforesaid, this 32d day of May, B. C. 1920.

(Signed) Harry Anscorius Johnson

(Signed) Philip John McCaffrey

(Signed) Anthony Gerlando Reginald Zottoli

Francis Wenderoth Saunders, Counsellor-at-Law

A suburban school teacher was late in arriving at school one morning, and during her absence the rustic pupils busied themselves in a water duel. Upon arriving, she went over to a map that was lying on a table and exclaimed: "Why, there's water an inch deep here!"

"It's deeper than that," interrupted a young pupil.

"What do you mean?" exploded the teacher.

"Well, you have your finger on the Atlantic Ocean."

We have no "cooties" round our school, Or pests of like degree; But just the same It's just as well, for there Are Misdemeanor marks, you see.

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"BEANS—If you can't eat them, take them home. The children are always glad to get marbles."

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RIPE BANANAS—Also can be used as frankforts.

CELERY—Use it during the garlic shortage; a good substitute.

86 Latin School Register

SHE-"Shall we invite father here during the vacation?"

HE—"Why, certainly, dear; I'll be away on business, but the henhouses must be cleaned next week."

EMPLOYER-"Have you any organic trouble?"

WOULD-BE-EMPLOYEE—"No, sir, I took lessons once but the organ never bothered me in the least."

* * * * *

SONNIE—"Mama, did auntie tell you I did anything naughty when you were away?"

MOTHER-"No, she said you behaved like a gentleman."

SONNIE-"Then I won't tell you that she lost your gold thimble."

* * * * *

BINKS—"See here, my man, do you realize my time is money?"

JINKS—"Well, judging by your present financial condition, I should say that you certainly had lost a great deal of it."

* * * * *

MRS. NUTT—"Was there much money in the purse you left on the train?" MRS. MEGG—"Heavens, no! I lost my ticket and had to pay cash fare."

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Silence in room 21?

A Latin teacher forgetting to give out the home-lesson?

How some of the Class pictures will look?

Studying like the dickens in May?

What some people thought of the Class Day?

The Joke column being any good?

An appetizing story is told of Lord Wolseley, whose example we should hardly like to follow. One day when the orderlies were hurrying to and fro about the camp with hot soup, he stopped one with a pail and ordered him to remove the lid of his bucket. The man obeyed. "Let me taste it," said the general, and he tasted it. "Terrible!" he exclaimed. "It tastes like dishwater." The orderly saluted respectfully. "That's what it is, sir," he replied.





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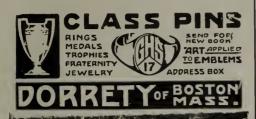
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